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PERFORMANCE OF MASCAGNI'S OPERA "CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA" BEFORE THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The Educationists seldom get into a rage (except with one another), but their contempt is very scathing. If people could be "withered" by the expression of this emotion, those who prefer light literature to works that improve the mind ought to be mere skeletons. But there is a lower depth even than reading novels—namely, wasting one's time over amusements, games. The good folks of Orpington—most highly favoured though they be in breathing the Ruskinian atmosphere—have come under the lash for preferring bagatelle to the works of the master. These toilers in the woods and fields, we are told, on coming home at night, instead of taking up "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," turn up their gas and play bagatelle. Comment on such conduct is superfluous. Still, one may conclude that they would not play bagatelle if they could play billiards; and even Mr. Herbert Spencer is said to "unbend" (or bend) over that game. Of course, it is very wrong not to read Ruskin, but it is not absolutely proved that the Orpingtonites are guilty of this offence, and I protest against their fondness for bagatelle (after all, a semi-scientific weakness) being imputed to them as a crime. Persons who have no favourite game are to be pitied rather than eulogised. It is not everybody who, like dear Sarah Battle, can "unbend over a book," and, without going so far as to say with a great student of human nature that "there is always something amiss with a man who does not play at whist in the afternoon," it is a dangerous thing to admit. "Beware how you trust the man," says another moralist, "who plays no game and dislikes the laugh of a child."

A recent poem upon "Wordsworth's Grave" has been much praised; but the following lines on "Shakspeare's Grave," written, as the *Critic* informs us, by an American editor, but supposed to owe their being to Dr. Ignatius Donnelly, are also noteworthy, though they have a less extensive reputation—

Dismiss your apprehension, pseudo-bard,
For no one wishes to disturb these stones,
Nor cares if here or in the outer yard
They stow your impudent, deceitful bones.
Your foolish-coloured bust upon the wall,
With its preposterous expanse of brow,
Shall rival Humpty-Dumpty's famous fall,
And cheats no cultured Boston people now.
Steal deer, hold horses, act your third-rate parts,
Hoard money, booze, neglect Anne Hathaway—
You can't deceive us with your stolen arts;
Like many a worthier dog, you've had your day.
Though you enslave the ages by your spell—
And Fame has blown no reputation louder—
Your cake is dough, for I, by sifting well,
Have quite reduced your dust to Bacon-powder.

The above is clear enough, and much more humorous than Dr. Donnelly's prose; but clearness seems to be getting out of fashion in American as in English poetry. It may be necessary for future bards, who would be understood, to start a "society" to explain their meaning, an item which will greatly swell the expenses of publication. What is very curious, and shows what fashion can do even in literature, there are both critics and readers who actually welcome obscurity. That this verse should occur in a recent volume of belauded poems is not in itself surprising—

Herein the dearness of her is;
The thirty perfect days of June
Made one, in beauty and in bliss,
Were not more white to have to keep,
To love not more in tune.

The strangeness lies in the fact that one finds a critic to write of it: "This is a good example of the simpler manner in which our author has learnt to express himself." To what mystic speech, one wonders, does this gentleman give utterance when expressing himself in his usual way?

In these days the gentlemen who are called "publicists" do not shrink from putting any question, however delicate, which they think likely to "catch on." Their last inquiry, which would certainly not have been made by their grandfathers, is, "Are women naturally impolite?" It is fair, however, to say that most of them add the words "to women." The male sex have not much to complain of in this respect, and when they have, the blame generally lies with themselves. In the United States, we are told, the men are not so gallant—to use a very old-fashioned word, but full of meaning—as they used to be, because they found women were spoilt by an excess of gallantry. When they gave up their seats in the cars to them, the favour was not even acknowledged by these haughty damsels: they took every sacrifice as a right. They outdid our London street-boys, who at least ask us the time with some approach to politeness, though, when we have pulled out our watches and told them, they never dream of saying "Thank you." It is one of the most certain evidences of a weak nature to become easily spoilt. In this country men are civil to women, but not absurdly subservient. It is but rarely in an English novel that the whole world is made to turn upon a young girl for its axis, which happens in the American novel very often; and that, perhaps, is why English girls are less egotistic and self-conscious than their Transatlantic cousins. As to politeness to strangers, it must also be remembered, in the case of young and pretty girls, that there are many scoundrels in the world ready to construe the acknowledgment of a civility as an encouragement. What seems to be ingratitude is often only necessary prudence. There is, no doubt, a certain tendency to insolence in the upstart class, the gorgeous females "who from their cars look down with scorn upon the wondering street"; but these are not the trams, and it is those who travel by them and by the omnibuses, and who serve in shops and stand behind the counters of the post-offices, concerning whom the question "Are women impolite?" is chiefly addressed. To gentlemen—even to old gentlemen—who address

them politely, they are, so far as my experience goes, polite enough; but to ladies?—well, we certainly often hear ladies complain of them. It must, I think, be admitted that the manner of the young persons in our post-offices, for example, is not so civil to their own sex as to ours. But how about the manner of the ladies to them?

A true lady is, of course, always ladylike, but a great many of those whose position entitles them to be so called have not quite a pleasant way in addressing those of their own sex whom they consider their inferiors. They do not mean to be rude, but they have a general notion of keeping the "young person" in her place, below the salt. And this is a course of conduct that the young person resents exceedingly. She has not been brought up at the village school, where our duty to our superiors—the squire's wife and the parson's—is so strictly inculcated. She may have "airs" of her own, but she does not like them in other women, especially those of a superior class. That, I think, is the secret of the matter. The class of lady here spoken of has too little consideration for the feelings of her own sex. She will enter a shop and make the shopwoman turn over a dozen things, and then sail out with the observation that they do not suit her. A man—perhaps he is more cowardly and does not dare to do it, but the result is the same—will rather buy something he does not want than give so much trouble for nothing.

The cases of Clutterbuck and Whalley are curiously illustrative of the two prevailing weaknesses of the middle-class British investor. He cannot resist the allurements of a high rate of interest, and he is easily blinded by the merest cloak of religion. It must, of course, be always a great temptation to persons with small capital to get the largest income possible from it; but the victims of these two persons had not this excuse. They were possessed of considerable property, and one would have imagined, however little they were acquainted with business matters, that they must have known that 10 per cent. interest means very bad security. As to the peculiar favouritism that was to be extended to them by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, one would say—if one did not remember the thousands of believers in the Tichborne Claimant—that such credulity was incredible. To the general public the Whalley fraud seems much less intelligible; but not to the so-called religious world. "His being so particularly religious, why that, you see, put master on his guard," is a quotation unfamiliar to them; they are used to protestations, which, even when perfectly genuine, arouse suspicion in the unregenerate. I well remember a sermon of Mr. Spurgeon's, preached long before he became well known to fame, but characterised by the same honesty and outspokenness for which he has always been distinguished, in which he warned his hearers of a too pretentious mingling of religion in our ordinary calling. "Beware," he said (or words to that effect), "of the grocer who, when you buy a pound of sugar, asks you into his back shop to pray with him." And such a course of conduct would be at least equally suspicious when practised by a solicitor.

Among the "Real Ghost Stories" collected by the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, there is a larger proportion of useful ghosts than usual. It is true we have in compensation "the astral body," which is of an extra-spiritual kind (much above proof), but that is not a legitimate ghost, and reminds one, in its effect upon the reader, of an allegory on a ceiling: it makes the head go round. But some of the premonitions are almost unrivalled in their practical character and (if one may say so without irreverence) their "attention to business." It need hardly be said that these mostly happen to Scotchmen. The one that strikes one most, however, hails from the South. A candidate for a schoolmaster's certificate in the Normal College at Cheltenham dreamt the contents of the geometry paper the night before it was set. He told his friends in the morning, and bade them pay particular attention to the bottom questions, which earned the most marks. "I need not say," says this ingenious gentleman, "that I did the same myself." His behaviour was generous, but was it just? Candidates who can dream like that surely possess an unfair advantage over their competitors. However, the result was most satisfactory. What opportunities this opens to persons with presentiments! The Derby! Heavens!

In old times presentiments in dreams were very noteworthy, if one could only be sure that (as still sometimes happens) they were not manufactured after the event. Arlotte, the mother of William the Conqueror, dreamt that she grew so stout as to "occupy" all Normandy and England, which her son, in a military sense, actually accomplished. The daughter of the tyrant Polydates (who had naturally a higher opinion of her father than most people) dreamt that she saw him lifted into the air, where Jupiter washed him and Apollo anointed him; and this (to a certain extent) came to pass, for we are told he was hanged upon a gibbet, "where his body was washed by the rain and the fat of it melted by the sun." In Izaak Walton's "Life of Wootton" it is stated that Wootton's father wrote to his son at Oxford of a dream he had had that the University treasury was robbed "by townsmen and poor scholars to the number of five"; this actually happened on the night before Wootton received the letter (so that in those tardy post times it must have been a very "previous" dream), and such light was thereby thrown on the occurrence that these persons were all apprehended "without putting the University to so much as the casting of a figure."

In "Morrison's Itinerary" we read of a family of dreamers. Two brothers lying in the same bed dreamt coincidentally of the death of their mother, who was coming to the "commencement" at Cambridge to see them take their degrees, and she expired on that very night. Afterwards, the elder dreamt that his father was dead (no parent would like to have such sons as

these), and was so affected by it that he wrote down the date and all particulars in a book, which he placed in a barrel, and dispatched to his family, who were with his father. They opened it, and found the dream corresponded exactly with the occurrence. "To this," says the narrator, "I may lawfully swear." But in those days there was no Public Prosecutor.

HOME NEWS.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, came to London on Dec. 1 from Windsor for the express purpose of congratulating the Princess of Wales upon the anniversary of her birthday. Her Majesty arrived with her suite at Paddington by the 1.30 train, and entered an open carriage, drawn by four horses, in charge of scarlet-coated outriders. The equestrian in attendance—Colonel Byng and Colonel Carington—were mounted, and rode one on either side of the royal carriage. The route taken to Marlborough House was London Road, Hyde Park, and Constitution Hill. All along the route the Queen, who appeared to be in excellent health and spirits, was greeted most loyally by numbers of persons who had assembled to watch the progress of the royal party. On Constitution Hill a regiment of Guards, returning from drill in Hyde Park, was overtaken by the royal carriage, and the officers in charge halted and fronted their men and saluted her Majesty, who bowed an acknowledgment. As the party passed Buckingham Palace and St. James's Palace the Guards at each turned out and saluted. Marlborough House was reached at about two o'clock. The Queen was there received by the Prince of Wales and most of the members of his family, including the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), and Princess Christian. The Princess of Wales had an excellent report to give her Majesty of the progress of Prince George. After a short rest, the Queen joined the family at luncheon, and at three o'clock prepared to leave on her return journey to Windsor. By the time that her carriage left Marlborough House, a few minutes later, the knowledge of her movements had spread, and the result was that there was a great crowd waiting to witness her departure.

The Prince and Princess of Wales dined with the Duke of Cambridge at Gloucester House, Piccadilly, on Dec. 1, in celebration of the anniversary of her Royal Highness's birth, as, owing to the illness of Prince George, it was found undesirable to have the usual family gathering at Marlborough House. The party included, in addition to the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, Princesses Victoria and Maud, Princess Louise and the Duke of Fife, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne, Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and others.

Princess Louise attended a meeting at the house of Lord Brassey on Nov. 25 to promote the work of the Kyrle Society, which, as Lord Monckswell explained, derived its name from the "Man of Ross," there being not only four branches, under the direction of a central committee, but provincial and colonial off-shoots. The musical branches, said his lordship, were especially appreciated in the poorer districts, where bands were provided in the parks and public gardens during the summer months, and this amusement was now being extended beyond the boundaries of London to Leytonstone, Woolwich, and Deptford. A resolution declaring the Kyrle Society worthy of support was passed.

The Bishop of Norwich having refused to institute the Rev. E. P. Beyer to the living of Brantham, Suffolk, on the ground that Sir A. Dixie, who nominated him, was "a Papist," Mr. Beyer took proceedings against the Bishop for "libel." A demurrer having been pleaded by the Bishop, Lord Penzance has decided that the nomination was void, under a Statute of Queen Anne's reign.

The Bishop of London delivered his triennial charge to the clergy in St. Paul's Cathedral on Nov. 27. He quoted statistics relating to the past three years, and said although they had not made any progress that could be put into statistics, yet he had no doubt the clergy were obtaining a better knowledge of the people, and, consequently, were better able to deal with their spiritual needs. With a view to sustaining Church schools, he advocated the formation of a Church School Association in each rural deanery. He deprecated the severance of the Church from the State; but if the attacks made on the Establishment should ever succeed, he had no doubt the Church would be able to adapt itself to the altered circumstances.

The result of the polling in East Dorset was declared on Nov. 28. Mr. Humphrey Sturt (Conservative) being elected by a majority of 367 over Mr. Pascoe Glyn (Gladstonian). Lord Salisbury telegraphed his congratulations to Mr. Sturt on his "very valuable victory."

Mr. Balfour delivered a vigorous political address on Nov. 30 at Huddersfield, in which he commented scornfully on the persistent vituperation poured out on every statesman responsible for the government of Ireland, of which he had had his full share. He declared that Ireland as an electoral cry was played out, and that we were within fairly measurable distance of a contented country. The Conservative Party were prepared to promote by all means in their power the material prosperity of the agricultural labourers. There was, he said, a preference in Sir William Harcourt's speeches in recent elections to references to the "flowing tide"; while Mr. John Morley seemed to prefer "the handwriting on the wall." Mr. Morley, however, added Mr. Balfour, was as little like the prophet Daniel as Lord Salisbury was like Belshazzar.

The London School Board elections were contested on Nov. 26, and resulted in the return of a clear majority of the Moderate party, led by the present chairman, Mr. J. R. Diggle. Only about one-fourth of the electorate went to the poll, the result being that twenty-nine avowed followers of Mr. Diggle have been returned, one Catholic, twenty Progressists, and five Independents. This gives Mr. Diggle, at the lowest calculation, a majority of three votes, which would probably mean a working majority of five or six. Among the defeated candidates were Mr. J. T. Helby, the ex-chairman of the Works Committee; Mrs. Maitland, Mr. Lyulph Stanley's Progressive colleague in Marylebone; and Colonel Prendergast, the chairman of the Industrial Schools Committee. The East-End settlement, promoted by Mr. and Mrs. Barnett, ran two candidates for the Tower Hamlets—Mr. Bruce and Mr. Jackson—and returned both.

The troop-ship *Crocodile*, which arrived at Portsmouth on Nov. 27 with three batteries of artillery and a number of passengers on board, came into collision with the extension railway running from the jetty. About a hundred yards of the structure was carried away, and the bridge collapsed, three railway carriages falling into the water. The ship received very trifling injury, but damage has been done to the viaduct to the extent of about two thousand pounds.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MR. GLADSTONE AT PORT SUNLIGHT.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Saturday, Nov. 23, 1891, will be marked with the whitest of stones in the chronicle of Port Sunlight, since, on the day in question, Mr. W. E. Gladstone paid his long-expected visit to the Wirral Peninsula in order formally to open the new Recreation Hall erected by Messrs. Lever Brothers for their great army of employés at their extensive works. Mr. Gladstone, it is well known, although for very many years he has been the most active and the most indefatigable of politicians, has never wholly given up to party those social amenities and those rhetorical talents which were meant for mankind. He has always evinced the liveliest interest in social questions, he has never been indifferent to the claims of labour, and the brilliant record of his fiscal administration offers abundant evidence of his constant solicitude to improve the well-being of the working classes, and to add to their domestic comforts by relieving the commodities which they consume from the burden of oppressive and unjust taxation. It was the hard, and perhaps inevitable, lot of the greatest of Mr. Gladstone's predecessors in the Premiership of England, William Pitt, to be continually racking his brains to discover some fresh thing on which an impost could be levied. He taxed the very light which shone through our windows: he taxed the very salt with which we savour our food and without which we should die; but it was the happier fortune of William Ewart Gladstone, during his various terms of office, to be able to exercise his almost unparalleled ingenuity as a financier to discover things from which the taxes could be taken off. It was thus entirely within the fitness of things that Mr. Gladstone should come, as he came on Nov. 23, to inaugurate, with the happiest of omens, an enterprise designed not only for the material but for the intellectual wellbeing of the industrial community. And, again, had anything been needed to enhance the enthusiastic heartiness of the welcome which Mr. Gladstone received at Port Sunlight, it would have been found in the circumstance that the Squire of Hawarden is, so to speak, a next-door neighbour to the Wirral Peninsula, from which he is separated only by the long-stretching sands of the Dee.

There would be no use in disguising the fact that the weather on Saturday, Nov. 23, was wretched. In fact, as Mr. Gladstone himself playfully observed at one stage of the proceedings, all the available sunlight of the day seemed to have been absorbed by the product manufactured by Messrs. Lever. However, the murky skies and miry roads failed to impair to any really disastrous extent the splendour of the outdoor decorations prepared to do honour to the distinguished visitor. For a distance of two miles from Spital station, right through the picturesque village of Bebington, to Port Sunlight itself, the road on either side was lined by towering Venetian masts, connected with each other by many-coloured streamers; while at the base of each mast a little terrace gay with shrubs and natural flowers had been built up. At intervals triumphal arches had been constructed, glowing with floral trophies interspersed with heraldic devices. The railway-bridge by which Bebington is approached from Spital, and which practically forms the postern to Port Sunlight, had undergone a most tasteful and effective transformation so as to represent the drawbridge and portcullis gate of a mediæval castle flanked by embattled towers. Above the archway floated several banners, surmounting a long scroll of crimson cloth, inscribed, "Welcome to Port Sunlight"; while the two flanking turrets were respectively embellished by admirably executed portraits in oil of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. In Bebington village itself the Venetian masts arose at closer intervals, and the display of bunting and wreaths of flowers from the pretty and comfortable-looking cottages was universal. Directly opposite the new Recreation Hall a grand stand had been built for the accommodation of many hundreds of spectators; and in front of the hall itself the Port Sunlight band discoursed sonorous strains. Throughout the line of route the crowd was both numerous and jubilant; and it is gratifying to note that, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather—there was, to be sure, a surcease of rain while Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and party came along—there was throughout the day sufficient breeze to prevent the flags from dragging disconsolately from their staves.

At a quarter to one the special train, by which the eagerly looked-for visitors from Hawarden travelled, drew up at Spital station, where the renowned guest of the festival was received by Mr. W. H. Lever, Mr. E. Evans, jun., and a deputation of the Wirral Liberal Association. Mr. Gladstone, in the first instance, seemed inclined to make the short journey before him on foot, but the prevalence of underfoot moisture, not to say muddiness, having been pointed out to him, he entered with Mrs. Gladstone an open landau, drawn by two chestnuts, and proceeded to Mr. Evans's residence, Spital Old Hall, where the party partook of luncheon. After the collation, the Liberal deputation was introduced, and a beautifully engrossed address, picturesquely illuminated with the national emblems of the Rose, Shamrock, Thistle, and Leek, was presented to Mr. Gladstone. Naturally, some oratory of a political nature ensued: still Mr. Gladstone, in the felicitous speech which he delivered, gracefully took occasion to observe that the original purpose of his visit to the Wirral district that day was one altogether apart from politics, and he would, consequently, have been well content had he had the option to refrain from anything more than a very restricted survey of the political situation. The deputation then withdrew, and formed the head of the procession arranged to conduct the illustrious guest to Port Sunlight. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone being rapturously cheered throughout their progress. Meanwhile there was an immense concourse of people round the hall, at the entrance to which a crimson carpet had been laid. Then Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and party alighted, and were conducted to the dais, or platform, at the upper extremity of the hall, which platform is, in reality, the stage, or proscenium of a saloon 80 ft. by 50 ft., where will be given such musical, dramatic, or elocutionary entertainments as the committee elected by the employés may agree to organise. Messrs. Lever, indeed, simply propose to do at

Port Sunlight that which Mr. Pullman, of sleeping-car fame, has done with such signal success at Pullman City, near Chicago—namely, to build a handsome hall for their workpeople, leaving the selection of a programme and the management of the institution entirely to the employés themselves. The hall is a cheerful and thoroughly commodious apartment, which will hold a thousand people. Apart from its purposes of enlivening and rational recreation, it will also be utilised as a dining-hall, well-appointed kitchens being annexed to the premises; and here, at stated hours, the Port Sunlight community may obtain meals at a fixed and moderate tariff. On Saturday, Nov. 23, the Recreation Hall, built from the designs of Mr. William Owen, F.R.I.B.A., the architect of the whole of the work, presented a really sumptuous appearance; and the unkindly weather without was wholly forgotten in the bright, cheerful spectacle, glowing with rich colour and thoroughly harmonious in artistic effect, which presented itself. Embellishments of the royal arms were emblazoned both over the entrance and in front of the proscenium, above which in large white letters on a scarlet ground was the sentence "Labour is True Dignity." The walls were profusely hung with the flags of all nations, and adorned with heraldic and floral devices, and the scene when the crowded audience rose at the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone to acclaim the world-famed hero of the day was really magnificent.

Within the hall the proceedings did not occupy much more than an hour. Mr. W. N. Lever, who occupied the chair, first addressed the audience, explaining the objects by which his firm had been actuated in providing their workpeople with a suitable hall for recreation and refreshment. A most imposing ceremony than took place in the presentation to Mr. Gladstone of a silver casket, a foot and a half in length, richly embossed in

and gentlemen on the platform, and, amid the renewed cheers of the audience, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone—after an adjournment to tea, served on Crown Derby china, in one of the private offices—took their departure by a special train, starting not from Spital, but from a siding at Port Sunlight itself. Thus ended a most memorable and successful day. The evening was devoted by the employés to festivity. At five there was a "high tea," followed by a dance. At seven there was a grand display of fireworks, and at eight a Cinderella ball, and the merry-making came to a close at 11.30 with "God Save the Queen." *Sol lucet omnibus.*

"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA" AT WINDSOR.

The representation of Pietro Mascagni's popular *melodramma*, "Cavalleria Rusticana," given by command at Windsor Castle on Thursday, Nov. 26, was, as the Queen afterwards told Signor Arditi, the first performance of Italian opera that her Majesty had witnessed for thirty-one years. The event thus became a notable one indeed—not only a high compliment to modern Italian art, but evidence of a desire to extend the royal patronage and support to operative enterprise in this country. The opera was performed in the Waterloo Chamber, which had been expressly fitted up for the purpose under the superintendence of Colonel Arthur Collins and Mr. Arthur Chappell. The members of Signor Lago's company were conveyed to and from Windsor by special train, and the principal characters were distributed as follows: Santuzza, Mdlle. Elandi; Lola, Mdlle. Marie Brema; Lucia, Miss Grace Damian; Alfio, Signor Brombara; and Turiddu, Signor Francesco Vignas; Signor Arditi being the conductor. These artists, together with their impresario, were introduced to the Queen after the performance by Sir Henry Ponsonby, when her Majesty expressed, in terms of warm and gracious cordiality, the gratification that the opera and its rendering had alike afforded her. Before leaving Windsor, the same fortunate personages were all presented with handsome gifts. The performance, which took place in the afternoon, was witnessed by other members of the royal family, as well as by a large number of ladies and gentlemen of the Court and residents in the neighbourhood.

THE LATE BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

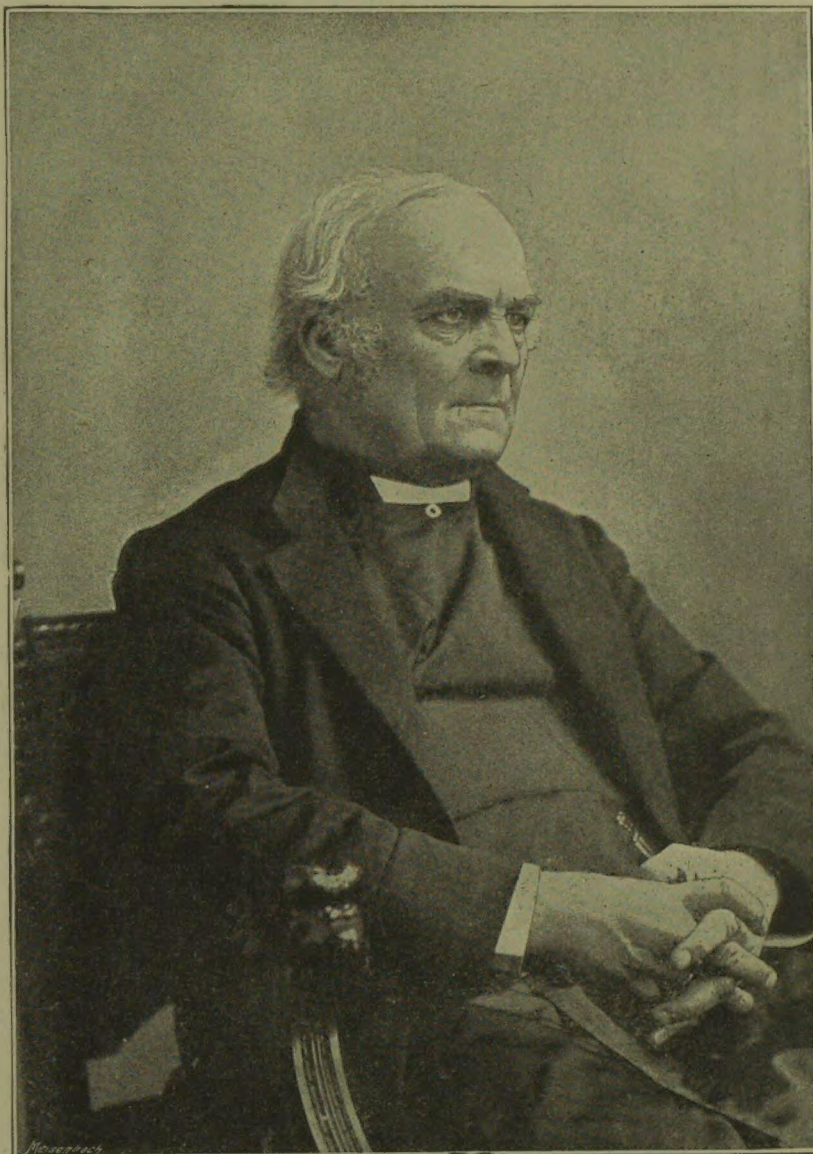
The body of the late Dr. Harvey Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle, was laid to rest in the picturesque churchyard of Crosthwaite, Keswick, on Nov. 25 last. By his death the Church loses a strong prelate, who, although of the old school, accommodated himself with some success to modern ways of thought. Born at King's Lynn in 1818, he was educated privately; went up to Caius, Cambridge, in 1836, and came out Second Wrangler in 1840, in the same list with, though a long way above, the present Bishop of Hereford, Sir Edward Thornton (since H.M. Ambassador at St. Petersburg), and the late Serjeant Spinks. Goodwin was also second Smith's Prizeman. Of course, a Fellowship followed this success, and he settled down to the life of a clerical Don at Cambridge. His influence was in many ways so strong that no surprise was felt when, in 1858, Lord Derby gave him the Deanery of Ely. There he showed so much activity in ecclesiastical affairs that his succession to Bishop Waldegrave, of Carlisle, came, in 1869, as a natural and wise choice by Mr. Gladstone. As a prelate, Dr. Harvey Goodwin ruled with vigour, raised the tone of clerical life in the diocese, and did his best to meet the clerical distress sometimes felt therein. The Church House will be his memorial before the Church at large, his fund in connection with the Church Extension Society his diocesan memorial, and the sermon at Portsmouth Church Congress 1885, on "Watchman, what of the night?" the best remembered of his pulpit utterances.

OTSU, LAKE BIWA, JAPAN.

The terrible havoc and loss of life by the recent earthquake in Japan gave much interest to our Views of several places not very distant from the actual scenes of disaster, which have been published. Lake Biwa, a beautiful sheet of water, forty-five miles long and ten miles broad, in the interior of Nipon, near Kioto, the ancient capital of the Mikado, is celebrated for the fine scenery of its hilly and well-wooded shores, and for the abundance of its fisheries, which support, with much inland trade, a large population. The town of Otsu, at the southern extremity of this lake, on the great highway from Tokio westward, and connected with Osaka and Kobé by railway, has become the chief port of lake navigation. In this neighbourhood were several famous ancient castles of the powerful Daimios, monasteries, tombs, shrines, and battlefields of Japanese history. We do not hear that Otsu has suffered by the earthquake so much as four or five other towns. In the Prefectures of Aichi and Gifu nearly 4000 persons were killed and 42,000 houses were destroyed, rendering 200,000 persons homeless. Shocks were felt at intervals from Oct. 25 to Nov. 5, and from Hiogo in the south, as far north as Rikushu.

THE SEINE, NEW CHANNEL STEAM-BOAT.

The new double-screw propeller steam-boat Seine has been constructed for the French Compagnie des Chemins de Fer de l'Ouest and the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company, to be employed in their line of passenger traffic across the Channel. The Seine is the only vessel of this class yet engaged in the Channel service, and will be manned and officered by Frenchmen. She was constructed by the Compagnie des Forges et Chantiers de la Méditerranée at Havre, and was launched on May 9 from their dockyard at Gravelle. Her dimensions are nearly 270 ft. length, 30 ft. width, and 15 ft. deep, with 1028 tons capacity, drawing less than 9 ft. of water; she is schooner-rigged; the engines are of 4000-horse power, and, working the twin screws, give a speed of 20 knots an hour. There is comfortable accommodation for 750 passengers, with a fine promenade deck. The ceremony of the launch was performed by Lady Rose, wife of Sir Philip Rose, Bart., solicitor to the Brighton Railway Company. Since 1856, this Company has been allied with the French Railway Company above mentioned in providing for steam-boat traffic. The French people are naturally pleased by a French-built vessel, under French command, being now placed on the line.



THE LATE RIGHT REV. HARVEY GOODWIN, D.D., BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

high relief with a design of the Louis Quinze period, and containing an illuminated address on vellum. The casket and the address were presented on the part of the Port Sunlight employés by Mr. E. Wainwright. From the workwomen an address was presented to Mrs. Gladstone by Miss Durham, who also begged the lady's acceptance of a splendid bouquet.

The principal points in Mr. Gladstone's long and eloquent address, every sentence in which was applauded to the echo, may be briefly summarised. The right hon. gentleman, who was in excellent voice and full of animation and vivacity, prefaced his discourse by deprecating any possible suspicion that he would ever make an improper use of the gorgeous key with which he had opened the building. The speaker went on to descant on the claims and the rights of honest industry, and to tell the audience, amid thunders of applause, that "the labourer has his legitimate, his necessary, his honourable, and his honoured place in God's creation; but that in all that creation there was no place appointed for the idle, wealthy man." With equal felicity and dialectical force he pointed out that the problem of the relations between capital and labour, between employers and employed, was not to be solved by magic, nor, like a mathematical problem, by clear and net result. It may be solved by a sound and serious combination of Christian and secular feeling; by respect for mutual rights. Mr. Gladstone frankly admitted that the power of the labour party in this country was only of comparatively recent date; and he paid a generous tribute to the memory of Joseph Hume, who had been among the first among Parliamentary economists to vindicate the claims of the labourer. He also touched on the difficult and delicate question of profit-sharing between employers and employed, dwelling on the importance of a thoroughly good understanding between all parties concerned as the first step to an equitable adjustment of the matters in dispute. At the conclusion of a magnificent harangue, the peroration of which was the noble expression of an aspiration for the increase of brotherhood between man and man, Mr. Gladstone warmly shook hands with several ladies

THE VICTORIAN EXHIBITION.

For obvious reasons, it is almost impossible to make an exhibition of contemporary art as artistically attractive as were those dealing with the Tudor and Stuart periods, or that made so brilliant by the aid of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and their colleagues; nevertheless, we shall not be surprised if the Victorian Exhibition at the New Gallery draws as large crowds as the most successful of its predecessors. In the forgotten words of a statesman whose portrait, in crayon (348), by Mr. George Richmond, is not the least successful of an interesting series, fifty years of her Majesty's reign have made loyalty popular, and consequently the numerous portraits of the Queen and members of the royal family have an almost personal interest for thousands, who in the days of George IV. would have honestly abstained from showing regard for that monarch and his surroundings.

It is, nevertheless, to be regretted that the managers of the present exhibition have allowed wall-space to so many portraits and pictures of doubtful merit, for no other apparent reason than their relations to royalty. Twelve portraits of the Queen, half as many of the Prince of Wales, and two or three, at least, of every member of the royal family occupy a very considerable share of the space at the disposal of the hanging committee; and if to these direct portraits be added the ceremonial pictures—the royal marriages, coronations, investitures, and other state pageants—one is a little overwhelmed by the glittering and bespangled crowd of princes and courtiers. These "state" pictures, moreover, are, as a rule, necessarily failures from an artistic point of view; and, although we may boast that our living artists do not fill up their canvases with wooden dolls as did the Court painters of the beginning of the reign, still there is something at once satisfying and unsatisfactory in the most successful. One can, perhaps, bear to look at one such work, but when multiplied they become more tedious than it is easy to explain.

The arrangement of the exhibition is, theoretically at least, excellent. In the West Gallery the pictures are intended to illustrate the principal events of the Queen's personal life; and we may trace her from the age of three, when she was painted in a group with her mother by Sir W. Beechey; at the age of thirteen, when she was painted with her cousins of Cumberland and Cambridge; down to the Jubilee year, when she was painted surrounded by her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren at Windsor Castle. The first Council held by her Majesty at Kensington Palace, her receiving the sacrament at the Coronation, her marriage with Prince Albert, the reception of Louis Philippe, the investiture of Napoleon III. with the order of the Garter, and many other events are brought together in this room with as happy a disregard to their sequence as to the appositeness of the portraits which are interspersed among the pageants. The connection of some of these with her Majesty's personal life is difficult to seize. Lord Brougham, for instance, never held office during the Queen's reign; the Earl of Shrewsbury only distinguished himself in a cause for which the Queen, during his lifetime at least, could show no personal sympathy; and the first Lord Denman, the champion of Queen Caroline, was as little a *persona grata* at the Court of Queen Victoria as Lord Palmerston, although in the latter case popular will imposed him upon her Councils.

The North Gallery purports to contain pictures illustrating the life of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and other members of the royal family; and portraits of distinguished statesmen, soldiers, and divines. Under the former category fall such works as Charles Leslie's "Christening of the Princess Royal in Buckingham Palace"; "The Marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg," by Chevalier; Sir George Hayter's "Christening of the Prince of Wales," and the marriages of all the various Princes and Princesses of the royal family. One turns almost for relief from such brilliant scenes to John Philip's "House of Commons in 1860," with its admirable portraits of Lord Palmerston (speaking), Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Mr. Speaker Denison, Disraeli, and other

Parliamentary leaders—of whom at least half a dozen survive after a lapse of thirty years—though few, with one notable exception, are still vigorous. The individual portraits in this room are chosen with apparently as little method as they are arranged. For instance, neither Mr. Henry Compton, the actor, nor his kinsman, Mr. W. Percy, is likely to leave his mark on the Victorian period. Mrs. Nassau Senior was an amiable philanthropist, but her memory will probably be kept alive rather by Mr. Watts's portrait than by the gratitude of the "young servants" whom she befriended; and the active life of the first Marquis of Anglesey was practically closed long before the Prince took any part in public affairs.

The South Gallery, in many ways the most interesting room, contains a fairly representative series of portraits of persons distinguished in literature, science, and art. In many instances the painters themselves have acquired even more renown than their models; but in some both have achieved

"Lehzen." On the other hand, many of the autographs and letters are of exceptional interest, the manuscripts of various authors showing with what greater or less fluency they composed. Disraeli's "Endymion" is as "clean" as "Coningsby," though written after an interval of nearly forty years. Browning seems to have considered well before putting his hand to paper, and so did Thackeray; but Dickens's work was at all times full of corrections. There are also some interesting letters—readable by all—from Disraeli to Morgan O'Connell, with very strongly expressed opinions. Lord Palmerston's handwriting was almost as clear and strong in 1861 as it was in 1813, when he wrote to Mrs. Lamb: "I am hunting as indefatigably as Lady Salisbury herself, though I do not drive to cover in a postchaise-and-four, and with my maid by my side." Newman, writing to Henry Taylor, expresses much diffidence at sending the latter one of his books; and Macaulay, after urging Sir Henry Taylor to write a drama about Mary Queen of Scots, adds, "I see no reason to doubt that you are capable of equalling 'Wallenstein,' and I know nothing in the German language so evidently built for immortality as 'Wallenstein.'" Miss Martineau seems to have shared Macaulay's admiration for the author of "Philip van Artevelde," but later critics have scarcely endorsed the verdict of his contemporary friends. We might go on quoting indefinitely from the glimpses even of these interesting letters; but enough has been said to show the varied attractions of the Victorian Exhibition, which will minister to the taste of all sorts and conditions of men and women.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

Here they are again! Only the familiar phrase of the pantomime can adequately express the emotion with which one contemplates the customary tide of publications which surges upon us at this season. Here they are in every conceivable and inconceivable variety of decorative pasteboard, a bewildering chaos of colour, an overwhelming assertion that the ingenuity of designer, draughtsman, printer, and publisher is infinite and inexhaustible. He would be a bold cynic, indeed, who could sit down to the contemplation of this sea of Christmas cards with the conviction that one wave is exactly like another, and that the whole ocean is beating monotonously on the shores of long-suffering patience. Every year the tax on the invention which is employed in the creation of Christmas tokens is doubled, trebled, nay, quadrupled with a vigour which must fill Mr. Goschen with envy. And yet it is met with unflinching resource, with new and happy device and endless combinations of old materials. We have before us a large volume which attests the fertility of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Son. It is a perfect kaleidoscope of colour and felicitous design. You think that this, at all events, exhausts the possibilities of the subject, but a glance at the productions of other firms, of Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner, Dean

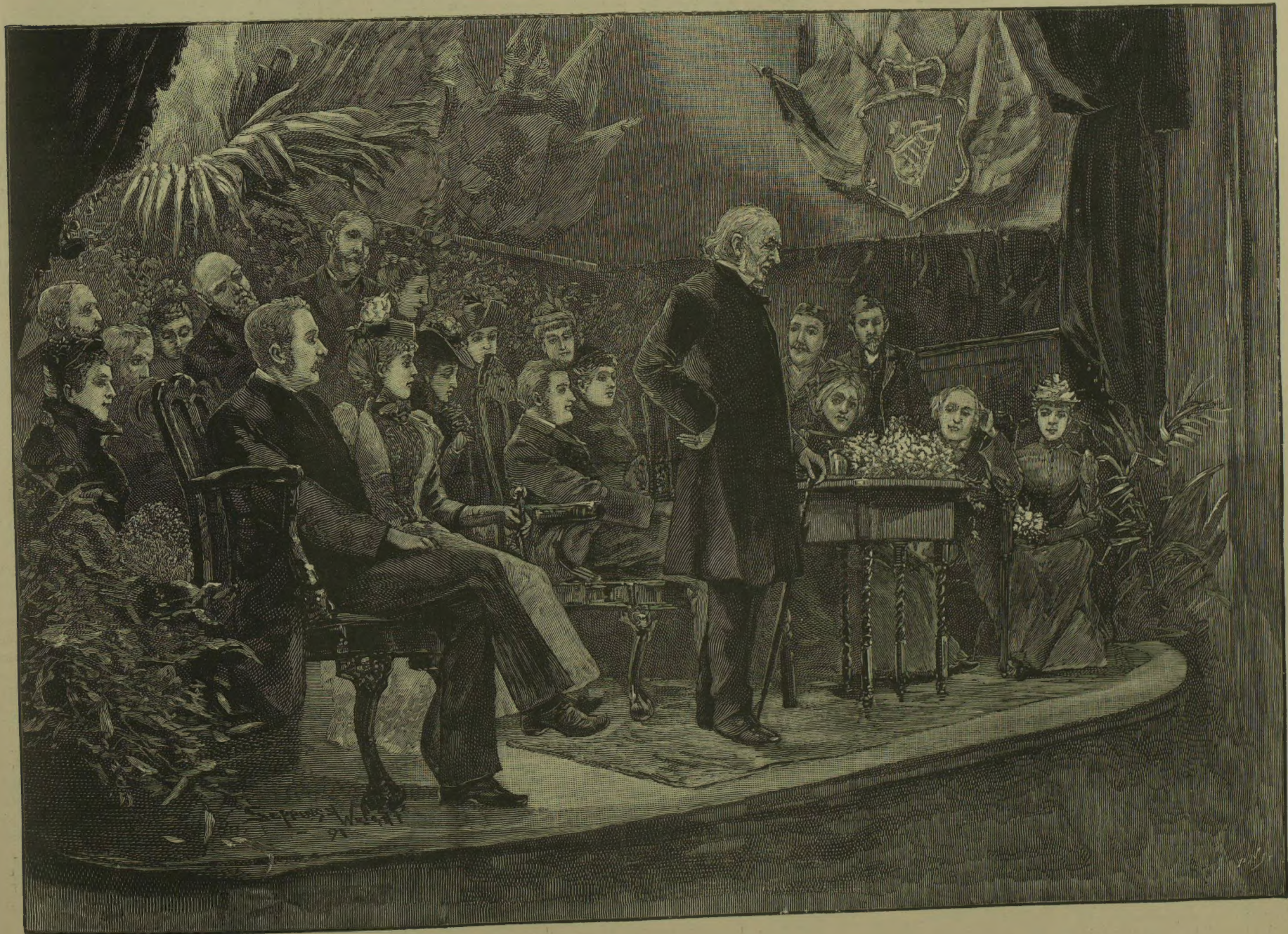
and Son, Prang and Co., Alexander Baird and Co., Burn Brothers, and several more, convinces you that finality in Christmas cards is unthinkable. The graceful muse of Mr. F. E. Weatherly serves to give harmony to the whole. To return to our first figure, he rises like a musical merman from the waves, and they dance in rhythmical measure to his piping. The perennial freshness of Christmas to Mr. Weatherly as a theme for appropriate verse is not the least wonderful feature of the show. Among the humorous designs, some credit for novelty must be awarded to Mr. Stewart Browne's football cards, which turn to account various incidents of that alarming game as symbols of goodwill and happy fortune. But amidst so much that is excellent choice is almost invidious. Something should be said, however, in praise of Mr. Charles Robertson's charming pictures of Venice in "The City of Gondolas" (Hildesheimer and Faulkner), accompanied by selections from Byron, Shelley, and Rogers. The most gratifying characteristic of these publications is that in the main they sustain a welcome standard of taste, and associate a real, though modest, form of art with the celebrations of the Christmas festival.



"MEMORIES."—BY MISS HENRIETTA RAE.
IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

a niche in the temple of Fame. It is, however, disappointing to find that even in this room every suggestion of arrangement is sacrificed to pictorial effect—Mrs. Somerville, the mathematician, jostling Charles Keene, the artist; Lady Peel, famous for her beauty but only known to us through Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait, coming next to William Collins, the artist. It is true that Liston did not die until 1846, but, unless we are much mistaken, he scarcely, if ever, appeared on the stage after the Queen's accession. But we are glad to see not far off the seldom-seen portrait of Mrs. Barrett Browning by Gordigiani, if only as a contrast to Pickersgill's portrait of her at an earlier date. It seems strange, too, to have placed F. D. Maurice just above Millais's well-known portrait of Cardinal Newman; but this wall, which also holds Matthew Arnold, Gabriel Rossetti, Carlyle, and Browning, presents the most striking feature in the exhibition.

Of relics there are, happily, but few: those of Thackeray and Dickens, Franklin and Gordon will attract general interest, and so, in another way, will the water-colour drawings by the Queen of herself, one of which—done when quite a young girl—she sends with affectionate greeting to her loved



MR. GLADSTONE SPEAKING IN THE NEW RECREATION HALL.
MR. GLADSTONE'S VISIT TO PORT SUNLIGHT.

PERSONAL.

The result of the London School Board elections places Mr. Diggle's continued chairmanship beyond doubt. He has now had control of the policy of the Board since 1885, when he was first elected to the chair. Mr. Diggle was formerly a clergyman, but he lately gave up orders and his living at Marylebone. He is a man of some wealth, and his leisure is entirely given up to School Board work. His conduct in the chair is dignified and adroit, his temper admirable, and his knowledge of the business and power of rapidly dispatching it is probably unequalled on the Board. He is a constant attendant on committees, and is the author of a scheme for superannuating the teachers, which has excited a great deal of controversy.



MR. J. R. DIGGLE, M.A.

Mr. Edward Lyulph Stanley, the leader of the Progressive party on the new Board, has suffered a considerable defeat in the recent election, for during the Board of 1888 he contrived largely to divide the control of policy with Mr. Diggle, owing to the partial secession of a number of the latter's supporters and the formation of a practically independent section. Mr. Stanley is a frequent, a forcible, and an extremely well-informed speaker at Board meetings, and, as he has taken part in the administration of the Education Act since its establishment, he is unquestionably one of the half-dozen experts in the work of carrying out public elementary instruction. Mr. Stanley is a Unionist in Imperial politics, and he sat in the Parliament of 1880 as Liberal member for Oldham. He was born in 1839, and is married to the daughter of Sir Lothian Bell. He is a brother of the present and a son of the late Lord Stanley of Alderley.

Lord Onslow's tenure of office as Governor of New Zealand has not been one of unalloyed satisfaction either to himself or to the people of the colony, but there will be on both sides a feeling of regret when, next February, the associations of four years have to be severed. There is often a parochial air about colonists and colonial doings which is apt to prove distasteful to one accustomed to the larger life at home; and the sad experiences attending the Governor's residence in the unsanitary city of Wellington will make Lord Onslow and his family glad to breathe again the pure air of the Surrey hills, in the midst of which their country home lies. The citizens of Guildford too, will rejoice to have among them again one who has done so much to promote the well-being of the Surrey county town.

Perhaps the most notable feature of Lord Onslow's Governorship is the energy he has shown in keeping in touch with every class of the population from one end of New Zealand to the other. There is little that is worth seeing of all the varied natural phenomena of the colony that Lord and Lady Onslow have not seen, and the long tours they have made on horseback and with a coach-and-six have enabled them to cultivate friendly personal relations with the inhabitants of even the most outlying sections of the islands. One event in the four years which went straight to the heart of the colonists was the birth, at Government House, of the Governor's second son. At the request of the mayors of the four principal cities, her Majesty became godmother to the child, and his double name of Victor Huia testifies to the fact of the royal sponsorship as well as to the Maori traditions of the land of his birth. On the whole, Lord Onslow has done good work for the colony, and we may expect to see him placed still higher in the service of the Empire. Like the typical Briton that he is, his lordship hopes to visit Japan, parts of China, and North America before he lands again on English soil next May.

Lord Windsor, who has just been entertaining the Marquis of Salisbury at Hewell Grange, Bromsgrove, during the Prime Minister's visit to Birmingham, is the head of the ancient family of De Windsor, and succeeded his grandmother, the late Baroness Windsor, in the title in 1869, when he was only twelve years old. The Baroness was the representative of one of the oldest of our noble houses, who became Barons Windsor in 1529 and Earls of Plymouth in 1682. Hewell Grange, Lord Windsor's seat, is about three miles from the quaint old town of Bromsgrove. It is built upon the site of an ancient mansion, destroyed nearly a century ago, and is quite new—in fact, the chapel, the great drawing-room, and some other parts of the magnificent building are still unfinished. Built of red stone, in the Elizabethan style, the mansion, with its towers and gables, is exceedingly imposing, and contains, besides a dining-room, library, and other apartments, richly decorated, a great hall, 180 ft. long, with aisles or arcade, supported by marble columns, and a magnificent oak roof; the great staircase is also a splendid specimen of oak carved work. Lord Windsor, who is married to a daughter of Sir Augustus Berkeley Paget, holds the appointment of Her Majesty's Paymaster-General.

The death of Mr. Richard Power, the Parnellite member for Waterford, is a melancholy event, as it only followed his marriage by a few days. Mr. Power caught a chill in a theatre, and died of pleurisy. He was but forty years old. He belonged to the landlord class in Ireland, and was fond of fox-hunting. Personally, he was an amiable, good-natured man, popular with all sections of his countrymen, and took no share in the vituperative tactics of both parties in the struggle. However, he took sides loyally with Mr. Parnell, and assisted him during the conflict in Committee-Room No. 15 both with advice as to methods and



THE LATE MR. RICHARD POWER, M.P.

with a very powerful and impressive speech. His nature, indeed, was essentially a loyal one, for in the old days, when Mr. Parnell was endeavouring to displace Isaac Butt, he attached himself to the older leader. He acted as Whip for the united Nationalist Party, and then transferred his services to the Parnellite section. He was educated in Hertfordshire.

Personally, he was a thoroughly good companion, but his slight physique hardly promised a long life. Mr. Power's death will certainly involve a bitter struggle for his seat at Waterford, which is one of the strongholds of Parnellism. The Anti-Parnellites may win the seat, but their majority will probably be the narrowest they have yet secured.

After an imposing procession through the streets of Paris, the body of Lord Lytton was brought to England, and on Dec. 1 was laid to rest in the family mausoleum at Knebworth. On its arrival from Paris the body was conveyed to Knebworth House, where the coffin was placed in the hall to await the mourners. It was covered with the Union Jack, and a wreath of white and yellow immortelles, bearing the inscription "A mark of sincere regard and friendship from Victoria, R. I.," was placed upon it. Large laurel wreaths were also sent by the French Government. Among the mourners were Viscount Knebworth (now Earl of Lytton), Earl Waldegrave (representing the Queen), and the Prime Minister. The Rev. H. E. Jones, rector of Knebworth, read the funeral service. A large congregation assembled on Dec. 1 in Westminster Abbey at a memorial service for Lord Lytton, the Dean of Westminster, Archdeacon Farrar, and the Rev. T. Howard Gill, late chaplain to Lord Lytton, being the officiating clergymen.

The new Bishop of Bloemfontein, the Rev. John Wale Hicks, Vicar of St. Mary-the-Less, Cambridge, is a distinguished alumnus of two Universities and a divine of many accomplishments. Before going to Cambridge he had taken high honours at London, where he received the degree of M.D. in 1864. At Cambridge he was senior in the Natural Science Tripos of 1870, and became a Fellow of Sidney Sussex College. He has lectured both in natural science and theology, and has written on both subjects. The union of so many qualifications ought to be valuable in a South African See of the type to which he is going.

Sir Alfred Stephen, C.B., K.C.M.G., who has just resigned the Lieutenant-Governorship of New South Wales, which he has held since 1875, has enjoyed a long and distinguished colonial career. The third son of John Stephen, who became Judge of the Supreme Court in New South Wales, Sir Alfred was born in St. Christopher, West Indies, in the second year of the century, and was educated at the Charterhouse. He was admitted to the Bar sixty-eight years ago, and is the *doyen* of Lincoln's Inn. In 1825 he was sent to Van Diemen's Land as Solicitor-General, became Attorney-General seven years later, a Judge in New South Wales in 1839, Chief Justice 1844-73, President of the Legislative Council 1856-7, and Lieutenant-Governor of the colony in 1875. Sir Alfred has been twice married, first, in 1824, to a daughter of the late Mr. Matthew Consett, a well-known London merchant, and secondly, in 1838, to a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Bedford, senior chaplain of Tasmania. The second Lady Stephen died five years ago at Hyde Park, Sydney, New South Wales.

The death of Sir James Porter Corry, the Conservative member for Mid-Armagh, will be regretted by all parties in the House of Commons, where Sir James Corry was a personality of singular geniality and social charm. His short, sturdy figure and pleasant face expressed good sense, good humour, knowledge of the world, and the entirely pleasant cynicism which were his characteristics. He was a favourite in the Lobby, where he was fond of talking about politics, and usually talked well. He was a Conservative, but did not attach himself to the Orangemen, and he declined to follow the Conservative-Parnellite coalition which threw out Mr. Gladstone in 1885. He was made a baronet without his knowledge, and is said to have disapproved of the appointment. He was sixty-four years of age when he died, but he had the appearance of a very healthy man. He was a man of wealth, his business as a shipowner and timber-merchant having its headquarters at Belfast.



THE LATE SIR J. P. CORRY, M.P.

The Hon. Humphrey Napier Sturt has succeeded the late Mr. Bond as Conservative member for East Dorset. Mr. Sturt beat his Liberal opponent, Mr. Pascoe Glyn, by 4421 votes to 4074, being a majority of 347. He is the only son of Lord Alington, and, like his father, is very popular in the division, though he has till lately been known as the Conservative candidate for Christchurch. He is thirty-two years old, and is married to Lady Feodorowna Yorke, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Hardwicke. Mr. Sturt has already contested the Northern Division, and he fought the battle for the Eastern District with considerable spirit, being greatly assisted by his wife. He is a County Councillor for the Handley Division of Dorsetshire, and is a member of the magistracy and a lieutenant in the Yeomanry. Mr. Glyn, his opponent, is a member of the great banking firm, and sat for the constituency during the short Parliament of 1885 to 1886.

The Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle, where Signor Lago had the honour of giving a performance of Mascagni's opera "Cavalleria Rusticana" before the Queen, was one of the many additions made by Mr. Jeffry Wyatt, afterwards Sir Jeffry Wyatville, to the royal residence during the reign of George IV. It is built on the site of a disused courtyard, once known as Horn Court; it is 95 ft. long by 46 ft. in breadth, is well lighted from above, and contains a collection of the portraits of the men by whose agency the pacification of Europe was accomplished after the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo, together with the most eminent of the officers who took part in that battle. Many of the pictures are by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Pius VII. is, perhaps, the finest of the series, and George Canning the most disappointing. The chamber is approached by the grand staircase and the vestibule, where the Jubilee presents are exhibited. The Rubens Chamber and the Throne-room open out of the Waterloo Chamber, and were made use of by the artists from the Shaftesbury Theatre as dressing-rooms.

On American Thanksgiving Day there was inaugurated in the old Protestant cemetery at Florence a monument to Theodore Parker, who died in that city in 1860. The tomb of Parker had been covered with a marble bearing an inscription, which time had erased. Some American visitors, seeing the dilapidated state of the tomb, raised a collection in their country, in order to place above the body of the great apostle of anti-slavery a worthy monument. This monument, which consists of a marble slab, bearing in its midst a portrait bas-relief of Theodore Parker, is the work of the famous American sculptor, W. W. Story. He himself was unable to be present

at the unveiling. The ceremony was performed by Miss Grace E. Channing, grand-daughter of the famous Channing, in presence of representative members of the American colony. A poem written by Mr. Story for the occasion was read on his behalf by Mr. H. G. Huntington. An able speech was also pronounced by the Hon. C. K. Tuckermann, late Minister of the United States in Greece.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The portrait of the late Lord Lytton is from a photograph by Messrs. Walery, 164, Regent Street, W.; the late Right Rev. Harvey Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle, and Mr. J. M. Barrie, by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; the late Sir James P. Corry and Mr. Richard Power by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.; and the Rev. J. R. Diggle by Mr. Alfred Ellis, of Upper Baker Street, W.

NOTES ON THE CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

The *Graphic* has two plates, only one of them, however, in colours—"Ophelia," from the picture by Marcus Stone—a mad Ophelia offering flowers, but with none of the tragic emotion which we associate with the Ophelia of Shakspeare. The young lady of Mr. Stone possesseth a wise passiveness. The second supplement, in black and white, is a reproduction of Sir Joshua Reynolds's famous picture of the three daughters of Lady Waldegrave, one of whom became Countess of Euston, another Lady Chewton, and another Lady Seymour. As usual, the *Graphic* charms with its many merry pictures in the Caldecott vein. Tom Hood's "Sally Brown and Ben the Carpenter" is sketched by Mr. W. Ralston, who has thrown into his subject all, and more than all, the humour of the original. Mr. Percy Macquoid is responsible for some similar pictures; and Mr. Hugh Thomson, really a greater artist than Caldecott, carries on the traditions of the deceased humorist with an account of "Mr. Jollyboy's Bachelor Party," as to which one can only regret the stupidity of the letterpress. John Strange Winter contributes the principal story to the number.

The *Lady's Pictorial* is accompanied by a beautiful plate, by V. Corcos, entitled "The Rival Queens." Its most striking literary feature is a poem by Sir Edwin Arnold, "The Grateful Foxes," a Japanese story told in Japanese manner. The editor of the *Lady's Pictorial* may be congratulated on obtaining from Sir Edwin Arnold a poem of more than fifty verses, even if the verses are a little obscure at times. Is not Sir Edwin the Laureate of Japan? Is he not the high-priest of one religion and the nineteenth-century Milton of another? Is he not—and it is more to the point—the most successfully boomed man in the ever-booming States? Nevertheless, there will be some who prefer Marie Corelli's story to Sir Edwin Arnold's poem. "Angel's Wickedness" is called a *true story*. Can it be, however, that a child of twelve has ever saved three little children from the window of a burning house? Be that as it may, the story is touchingly pathetic, more calculated than any other story of the season to produce that choking sensation which is so morbidly delightful to some, so healthy and helpful to others. There are many good things in the *Lady's Pictorial*, including a play, but Marie Corelli's story is its best feature.

But the older publications must be on their mettle, for here in *Pears' Christmas Annual* is a rival which gives three plates in colours, all of them splendid examples of colour-printing. The number itself is well printed and well illustrated, although its letterpress is not very striking—a short story by Henry Herman and our old friend "The Cricket on the Hearth." But I am old-fashioned enough to believe that, with all the latter-day rage for short stories, we get nothing Christmassy which can compare with the tales of Charles Dickens.

The Christmas number of *Black and White* is accompanied by a reproduction of Gainsborough's famous portrait of Mrs. Siddons. There are some dainty pictures in tints, and there are four stories—one by a Mr. Goodman, and the others by Henry James, Rudyard Kipling, and Bret Harte. Mr. Bret Harte's story, "In a Pioneer Restaurant," is the usual backwoods melodrama, suitable for those who like "that sort of thing," but it is illustrated by Mr. Bernard Partridge, whose genius will cover a multitude of literary sins. Mr. Kipling is not at his best, which is only to say that he never is at his best when away from India. He writes an allegory, entitled "The Children of the Zodiac." "Leo kissed the girl," it runs, "and all earth felt that kiss, and the girl sat down on a hill, and the water ran out of her eyes; and this had never happened before in the memory of the children of the Zodiac."

Which, of course, was very clever,
But I couldn't understand it.

as Mr. Gilbert says in the "Bab Ballads." Mr. Henry James, however, writes a powerful ghost story—one of the best ghost stories that I have read for a long time.

The *Figaro Illustré* (English edition) gives three coloured plates, "The Tryst," "The Swing," and "At Bay," all exceedingly effective, as is the colour-printing which adorns the stories. Of these, the best is "Miquette's Marriage," by Gyp, one of those effective dramatic pieces of love-making which the French know so well how to accomplish.

The Christmas number of *L'Illustration* is mainly devoted to the manner of spending Christmas in different countries—in India, in Russia, in France, and so on—not a novel idea, but well carried out. Its coloured plate, "Les Inséparables," is rather insipid.

In *Hearth and Home* we find a story by Barry Pain, somewhat of the *Family Herald* order. Mr. Pain will do better work than "The Glory of the Woman"; but the coloured plate, by Davidson Knowles, "Off They Go," will please the children as much as any issued this year.

A formidable rival in the affections of the children, however, is the coloured plate of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*—Arthur G. Elsley's "Unwilling Partner." The *Penny Illustrated* has stories by G. R. Sims, John Latey, George Manville Fenn, Howard Paul, and that hero of old *Figaro* days, O. P. Q. Philander Smiff.

Cassell's Christmas annual, *Fule Tide*, contains a story by W. Clark Russell, two full-page coloured pictures, and a presentation plate representing Miss Florence Nightingale at Scutari in 1854, after the painting by Henrietta Rae. *Holly Leaves*, the Christmas number of the *Sporting and Dramatic News*, contains a story by F. W. Robinson, "Little Dame Durden" being the subject of its coloured plate.

The *Truth* Christmas number is daringly disloyal and audaciously Radical as usual, but none can better Mr. Carruthers Gould in his particular line of caricature, and "smartness" in the text is always forthcoming where Mr. Labouchere is concerned.

It only remains for me to notice the *Detroit Free Press*, which is entirely taken up by a very clever story by its editor, Luke Sharp (Mr. James Barr), well illustrated by the Misses C. M. D. and G. D. Hammond.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF LYTTON, G.C.B.

The Right Hon. Edward Robert Lytton Bulwer Lytton, Earl of Lytton, Viscount Knebworth, Baron Lytton, and a Baronet, Ambassador at Paris, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., C.I.E., LL.D., died suddenly at the Embassy, Paris, on Nov. 24. This distinguished writer, poet, and diplomatist was born Nov. 8, 1831, the only son of the first Lord Lytton, the great novelist, by Rosina Doyle, his wife, daughter of Mr. Francis Wheeler, of Lizard Connell, in the county of Limerick. The Lyttons were an old Derbyshire family, traced back to Sir Robert de Lytton, of Lytton, Comptroller of the Household to Henry IV. The nobleman whose death is so deeply regretted was educated at Harrow and at Bonn, in Germany. Since 1849, when he was made Attaché at Washington, he was constantly in the Diplomatic Service. His chief appointments were H.B.M. Minister at Lisbon from 1874 to 1876, and Ambassador to the French Republic from 1887. This high and most important office Lord Lytton held till his death. From 1876 to 1880 he was Viceroy and Governor-General of India. His lordship, who inherited the Barony of Lytton at his father's death in 1873, was advanced to an earldom on his resignation of the Viceroyalty. Lord Lytton enjoyed considerable literary reputation, both as a poet and novelist. He married, Oct. 4, 1864, Edith (C.I.), second daughter of the Hon. Edward Villiers, and niece of the fourth Earl of Clarendon, and leaves surviving issue two sons; the elder, Victor Alexander George Robert, Lord Knebworth, now second Earl of Lytton, was born at Simla, Aug. 10, 1876.

THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

The Right Rev. Harvey Goodwin, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Carlisle, died very suddenly on Nov. 25, at Bishopsthorpe, the residence of the Archbishop of York. His lordship was educated at Caius College, Cambridge, Second Wrangler, and became eventually honorary Fellow in 1880. He was Fellow and Mathematical Lecturer of his college and incumbent of St. Edward's Church, Cambridge, 1848-58, during part of which time he was Hulsean Lecturer. He was Dean of Ely, 1858-69, and was consecrated Bishop of Carlisle in 1869. He was born Oct. 9, 1818, the son of the late Mr. Charles Goodwin of King's Lynn, and married, Aug. 13, 1845, Ellen, daughter of Mr. George King, of Higher Bebington, by whom he had issue.

SIR JAMES PORTER CORRY, BART.

Sir James Porter Corry, Bart., M.P., of Dunraven, in the county of Antrim, died, suddenly, on Nov. 28. He was the son of the late Mr. Robert Corry, of Turnagardy, and was born Sept. 8, 1826. He represented Belfast in Parliament from 1874 to 1885, and sat for Mid-Armagh since 1886. He married, July 10, 1849, Margaret, daughter of Mr. William Service, of Glasgow, and by her leaves issue: William, now second baronet, who was born March 20, 1859, and married, Oct. 31, 1889, Georgina, only daughter of Sir Myles Fenton, of Ridge Green, Surrey. Sir James Corry, a great ship-owner in Belfast, was created a baronet Sept. 15, 1885.

SIR VICTOR BROOKE, BART.

Sir Victor Alexander Brooke, third baronet, of Cole Brooke, in the county of Fermanagh, died of acute pneumonia on Oct. 23, at his residence, Villa Jouvence, Pau. He was born in 1843, the eldest son of Sir Arthur Brinsley Brooke, second baronet, who was for several years M.P. for Fermanagh, by his wife, the Hon. Julia Henrietta Anson, maid-of-honour to the Queen, youngest daughter of the late General Sir George Anson, G.C.B., a distinguished Peninsular officer. The deceased baronet, who was educated at Harrow, was a magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for Fermanagh. He married, in July 1864, Alice Sophia, second daughter of Sir Alan Edward Bellingham, Bart., of Castle Bellingham, in the county of Louth, and leaves five sons and three daughters. His eldest son and successor, now Sir Arthur Douglas Brooke, fourth baronet, was born in 1865, and was educated at Marlborough College and at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. He married, in 1887, Miss Gertrude Isabella Batson, daughter of the late Mr. Stanlake Ricketts Batson, of Horseheath, Cambridge, and has a son and a daughter.

THE DOWAGER VISCOUNTESS FALMOUTH.

The Right Hon. Mary Frances Elizabeth, Dowager Viscountess Falmouth, Baroness Le Despencer in her own right, died recently. Her ladyship, who inherited the senior barony of England, was only child of the Hon. Thomas Stapleton, eldest son of the twenty-second Lord Le Despencer, was born on March 24, 1822, and succeeded, at the death of her grandfather in 1831, to the ancient barony she possessed. The title of Le Despencer is one of those old baronies that descend in the direct line, male or female, of the original peer. It passed through the Beauchamps, Nevilles, Fanes, Dashwoods, and Stapletons, and devolved at length on Sir Thomas Stapleton, Bart., who was summoned as twenty-second lord. The lady whose death we record was his lordship's only child. Her eldest son, the present Viscount Falmouth, becomes twenty-fourth Lord Le Despencer.

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS DE GRAMONT.

Emma Mary, Dowager Duchesse de Gramont, who died in Paris on Nov. 15, was eldest daughter of the late Mr. William Alexander Mackinnon, of Mackinnon, M.P. for Rye, and sister of Louisa Harriet, Countess of Dundonald. One of her brothers, Colonel Daniel Mackinnon, Coldstream Guards, was killed at Inkerman.

LADY MARY MARGARET BROWNE-CONSTABLE.

Lady Mary Margaret Browne-Constable, widow of Mr. William Browne-Constable, of Wallace Craigie, in the county of Forfar, and eldest daughter of Henry David, twelfth Earl of Buchan, died on Nov. 13, at 20, Grosvenor Street, Edinburgh. She was born May 27, 1811; married July 23, 1838; and was left a widow, without children, July 19, 1852.

HUNGARIAN GIPSY MUSIC.

Few people are aware that a band of Hungarian gipsies, under the leadership of the renowned Dombi Károly, have been giving concerts for more than a week at the International Hall, Café Monico. Advertised only by placards posted in the building, the performances have passed almost unnoticed, and the night I was there the audience numbered about a dozen. When I went upstairs the hall was empty, and the courteous manager was good enough to let the concert begin for my benefit. Then one musical critic, himself a Hungarian, came in, and presently a few casual people—an old gentleman, two German women with a little boy, another Hungarian, one or two of the ladies whom one meets in the café below, and a young clerk or two. And it was to this heterogeneous handful, and to the rows upon rows of empty seats, that the gipsies played their wonderful music. Where was musical London? Again one may ask, Are the English people musical? Had I asked Dombi Károly, he would probably have pointed to the empty seats before him, and then to the two medals he was wearing, one a decoration from the Emperor of Germany, the other from the Czar of Russia.

The Hungarian gipsies are the most naturally musical people in the world. Music is their instinctive means of expression: they do not learn it, it comes to them of itself. Go into a roadside tent in Hungary, and you will see a little boy of four stretched naked upon the ground, holding a violin in his arms and drawing his bow across it, trying to make it speak. Probably to the end of his days he will never be able to read a note of music; but what does that matter when he can play over to you, developing it into impromptu variations, the air you have just whistled—an air he has never heard before? The leader of a band (as in the case of those at the Monico) is usually able to read from note; the others follow his lead, picking up a whole composition with astonishing rapidity. It is true that they play like men who have never been trained, gaining something in *naïveté* and *abandon* for what they lose in mechanical precision. The gipsies hold their violin in almost every position but the normal one—against the middle of the chest, on the shoulder near the ear, on the knee. Their fingering is elementary; they use the bow sometimes as a hammer, sometimes as a whip; they pluck at the strings with all their fingers at once, as if they would tear the heart out of the tormented fiddle. And, indeed, it is the heart that cries and sobs, and is happy, and exults in the joyful agonies of the *csárdás*. Phrase follows phrase, each refining upon the intensity of the last, till the tension becomes almost unbearable, so fiery, so bitter-sweet are the tones. The time varies, the rhythm fantastically disguised by a prolonged vibration, as it were, of notes humming round a central tone. In its keen intensity and profuse ornamentation—an arabesque of living flame—it is like nothing else in music. And in this unique effect the national instrument, the *czimbalom*, counts for much. The *czimbalom* consists of a framework of wires fixed on a sort of table. The wires are struck by flexible quills, padded at the end, which are held one in each hand. The little soft hammers rise and fall, and flit to and fro, with incredible swiftness in a sort of effervescence of sound.

The experiment at the Café Monico was perhaps foredoomed to failure. This wild dance-music, with its rhythms that stir the feet, that fire the blood, was not made for people who sit elbow to elbow in the stalls of a concert-room. It should be heard as one can hear it abroad, in a café, where one lolls at one's ease, smoking a cigarette at a little round table on which stands some kind of *consommation*. But that, unhappily, is impossible in this formal London of ours; it will be possible only when some rich man has trebled his millions by covering London with cafés. Meanwhile, it is to be hoped that the Hungarian band, which has found not perhaps "fit" audience, but certainly "few," will not leave us until we have turned their failure (which is really ours, in not going to hear them) into a triumph. If not, at all events it is we who lose most.

A. S.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Whatever may happen in the distant future, the peace of Europe, for some time to come, has been vouched for by the Prime Ministers or Foreign Secretaries of Great Britain, France, Italy, Austria, and, lastly, by the German Emperor and by Chancellor von Caprivi. The festivities of Christmas and of the New Year will not be darkened by the slightest cloud, at least in Europe; but the same, unfortunately, can hardly be said of the East, for in China things look very black indeed.

But to return to Europe. The Emperor William, addressing the recruits on Nov. 24, said it would be in peace only that they would have opportunities of showing their courage and bravery, although it might be that grave internal dangers were impending. What the Emperor meant by "grave internal dangers" is not quite clear, but it is supposed that his Majesty was alluding to the ever-increasing Socialist movement—a matter to which reference was made in these columns a short time ago.

Chancellor von Caprivi's utterances were quite as reassuring as the Emperor's. He did not deny that one day a "war against two fronts"—by which a war with both Russia and France is to be understood—might occur, but that for the present there is not the slightest cause for alarm. The intentions of the Emperor of Russia are the most peaceful in the world, and as to the armaments now going on all over Europe, and which will last for some time to come, they are a guarantee of peace; for not only will Governments be more circumspect, but the peoples of Europe will be more careful in future how they play with fire.

M. de Giers, who passed through Berlin on his way home, seems to have given to Emperor William and Chancellor von Caprivi the clearest assurances with regard to the character of the *rapprochement* between Russia and France, and they were received with great satisfaction on account of their pacific character.

As to the nature of the Franco-Russian alliance, it is understood in Berlin that it has an exclusively defensive basis, and that it is the counterpart of the Triple Alliance, with this difference, that, while the Triple Alliance is based on the European *status quo*, the Franco-Russian *entente* (for there is said to exist no formal treaty) has for its basis the respect for treaties.

The death of Lord Lytton has been the occasion of a remarkable and touching display of the good feeling which

exists at bottom between the people of the two countries. The people of Paris, by their dignified and sympathetic behaviour while the remains of the late British Ambassador were conveyed from the English church in the Rue d'Aguesseau to the Western Railway Station, with full military honours, have given proof not only of their deep respect for the deceased diplomatist, who had endeared himself to them, but of their friendship and esteem for the nation of which he was the representative in their midst. As a matter of course, President Carnot and the Government were represented at the funeral; but, in addition to them, literature, science, art, and Parisian society had sent their most distinguished representatives to pay a last tribute of respect to the late Lord Lytton. The ceremony was a most impressive one, and will not soon be forgotten by those who had the melancholy satisfaction of being present.

The Archbishop of Aix, Mgr. Gonthé-Soulard, who had replied in disrespectful terms to a circular of the Minister of Justice and Public Worship on the subject of the disturbances at Rome caused by the presence in the Eternal City of the French pilgrims, was tried on Nov. 24 before the Court of Appeal at Paris, and, being found guilty of having insulted a Minister, was condemned to pay a fine of 3000*f*. The Paris *Figaro* started a subscription to pay the Archbishop's fine, and in twenty-four hours this amount, together with that of the costs (about 2000*f*. more), had been subscribed by friends of the offending prelate; but, as it is illegal to raise money to pay the fine of a person sentenced by a court of justice in France, the enterprising Parisian newspaper is to be prosecuted forthwith.

Modern British art will now be represented in the National Gallery of the Luxembourg by one of the finest paintings due to the brush of an English artist—namely, Mr. Whistler's portrait of his mother. The French Government, by purchasing the picture for the ridiculously low sum of £80, has made an excellent bargain; but Mr. Whistler declined to make this affair a question of money, and is quite content to have one of his works in the famous French gallery. The French papers say that practically Mr. Whistler has made France a present of his painting, and express themselves highly pleased with the generosity of the English artist, of whom they speak in grateful and graceful terms.

The miners' strike came to an end on Nov. 30, the Arbitration Commission appointed by the men and the companies having come to a decision according to which the companies undertake in future to calculate the wages of their men on the scale of 1889, increased by 20 per cent. As to the reduction of the hours of work to eight, the matter has not been pressed by the men, as the time during which they are actually at work in the mine hardly exceeds that limit.

It is to be feared that the Russian Government has greatly overestimated the quantity of cereals in reserve for distribution in the famine districts, and that grain will have to be purchased in the United States. Owing to the lack of railway communication, there are districts where the grain is actually rotting whilst peasants in the villages of certain provinces are starving: such is the case in the Caucasus, for instance.

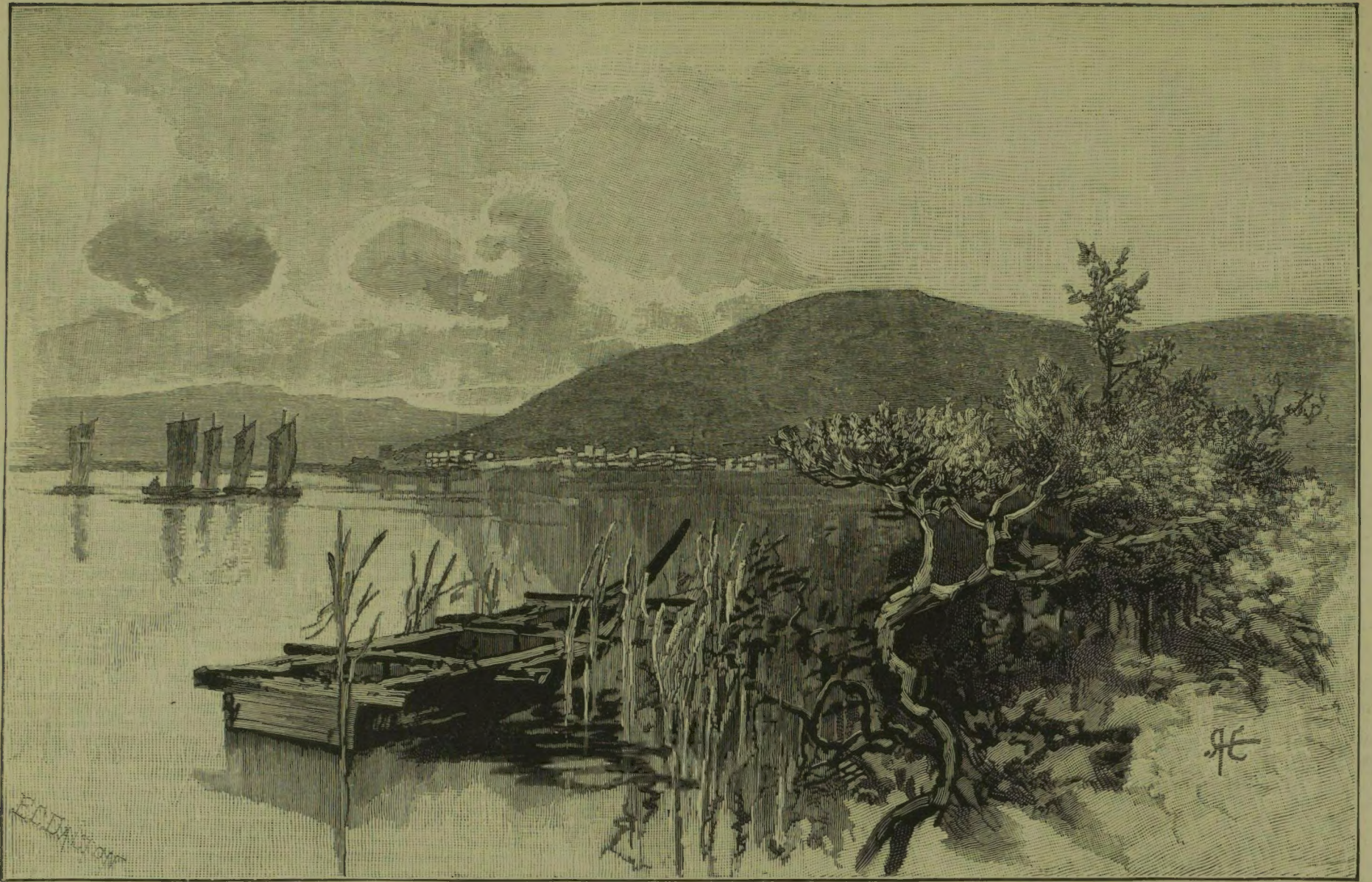
In the course of a lecture delivered before the Academy of Science at St. Petersburg a few days ago, Professor Issaieff stated that there were now in Russia forty million people suffering from want of food, and that an expenditure of three hundred million roubles will be required to feed them during the winter months.

An order of the day has been issued by the Governor-General of Turkestan, at Tashkend, congratulating the soldiers who, under the command of Colonel Yanoff, were sent to the Pamir, and ordering gratuities amounting to from two to six roubles to be distributed to the non-commissioned officers and men who formed the expedition.

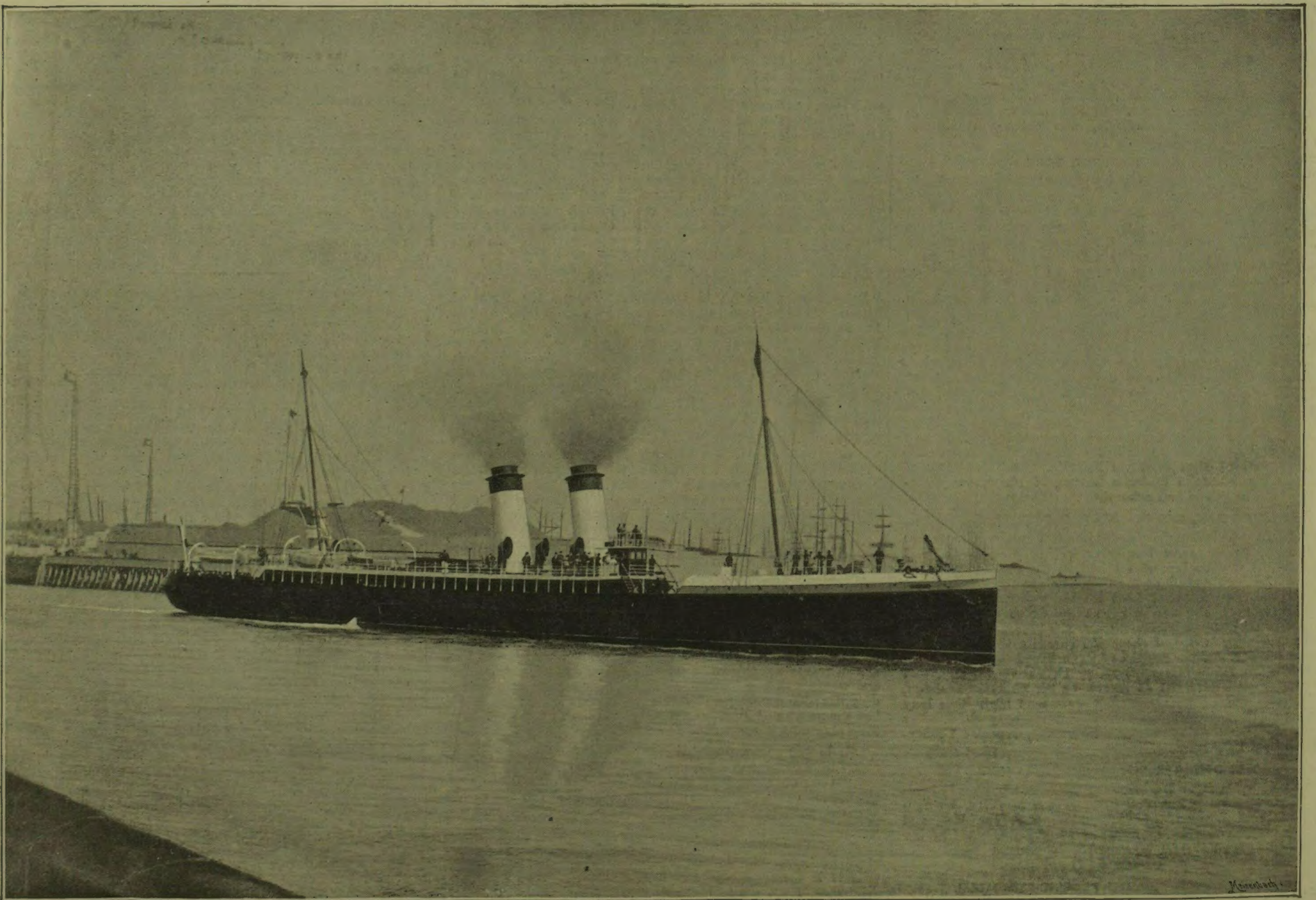
The prosperity of Egypt seems to be increasing. The crops this season are much larger than last year, and it is computed that cotton will yield 10 per cent. more than in 1890. The railway traffic shows much improvement, the quantity of goods carried this year amounting to one-and-a-half million tons of goods, against one million last year. The financial position of the country is equally satisfactory, and the Budget will show this year a surplus of half a million, although a remission of taxation of about £80,000 has to be provided for.

From East Africa the welcome news has been received that Captain Lugard has been successful in his attempt to pacify the Uganda and Unyoro districts. He has restored the legitimate king or chief of the latter country, and has established stations at various points on the slopes of the Ruwenzori. In Uganda things are improving. It has also been reported that Emin Pasha has passed the Ruwenzori on his way to Lake Albert Nyanza.

The condition of affairs in China is getting more and more serious. Two revolts are reported to have broken out in the north of the Middle Kingdom, and missionaries, probably Belgian or French, have been massacred with a display of ferocity seldom equalled even in China. The Imperial Government is said to be alarmed at the disturbed state of affairs, and Li Hung Chang, we are told, is acting with great energy. All this may be true; but the one thing is certain—namely, that a number of missionaries and converts have been killed by an infuriated mob of fanatics or rebels. Another fact to be noted carefully is that the non-Christian inhabitants and the mandarins of the disturbed districts seem to be allowed to remain in perfect peace and security by the rebels, whose fury is directed only against foreigners and converts. It is said that these people's safety has been insured by allowing the insurgents to murder the Europeans and pillage their houses, the local mandarins being unable to cope with the rebellion. This is possible; but it looks very suspicious. And a revolt in which the only sufferers are foreigners is certainly a remarkable one—so much so that it may be asked whether the authorities are not conniving at rebellions of which they pretend to be afraid, in order to excuse their indolence and their failure to afford to Europeans that protection to which they are entitled in accordance with numerous treaties. It should not be forgotten that the present movement is not anti-missionary but anti-foreign; that it has been encouraged openly by great officials and secretly by others, and that the Pekin Government shares the prejudices and superstitions of the people and officials. The imperial edicts and rescripts recently published have been allowed to remain a dead-letter, although the Chinese Government know how to insure the faithful and scrupulous execution of their orders when so minded. Enough of these useless documents have been published; what is now wanted is action, prompt and energetic action, on the part of the Chinese Government, and if the European Powers apply sufficient pressure in the right place the Chinese authorities will find the means to restore order in the country.



THE EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN: OTSU, LAKE BIWA.
FROM A SKETCH BY ALFRED EAST, R.I.



THE NEW CHANNEL STEAM-BOAT SEINE.

"COME LIVE WITH ME AND BE MY LOVE."

AN ENGLISH PASTORAL.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN,

Author of "God and the Man," "The Shadow of the Sword," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.

And who has raised a wicked hand
To bear my love from me?
Tho' he were ten times kith and kin,
An ill death he should dee!—*Scottish Ballad.*

Gaffer Kingsley, meanwhile, with a pretence of light-hearted industry which was the very antipodes of his real feeling, went on chopping at his wood, and singing in a raucous wheeze such scraps of rustic song as came into his mind. The old blackguard, after seventy odd years of ignorance of its existence, had found his nervous system, and every chance sound round about filled his scraggy frame with tremors.

Footsteps passed the gate. He shivered as he listened to their approach, and, with a sense of relief which was in itself an agony, heard them die away in the distance.

One step paused at a little distance from him. Bracing himself to receive the touch of a hand upon his shoulder, and the sound of an accusing voice in his ear, he chopped blindly at the piece of wood he held upon the block. When at last, after what seemed to him an incalculable length of time, a voice spoke—it was a full half-minute before he comprehended what it really was—a whining appeal for charity from a wayside beggar. He turned and cursed the intruder with a dreadful vehemence, shaking his billhook at him with paralytic rage, and spitting profanity after him by the mouthful after he had retreated.

He was thus occupied when George entered the yard. The young man stood staring at him in amazement. The Gaffer quieted himself with a great effort, and turned to his task again.

"What has Bridget Thorpe been doing here?" asked George, suddenly.

The question so shook his father's already disordered nerves that he missed his stroke at the branch he was chopping, and cut deeply into the block.

"Bridget?" he answered, in a shaking voice, tugging out the billhook with a violent effort. "Bridget Thorpe? Hereaways? What should she do here! I'd loike to see her comin' hereaways. I'd"—He gave a vicious chop to eke out his meaning.

"But she has been here," said George. "I was at the corner of the ten-acre an hour ago, and she passed me on the road beneath."

"Did she say she'd been here?" asked the Gaffer.

"No," said George, "I didn't speak to her, nor she to me—she didn't see me. But I know she has been here, because the road leads nowhere else."

"I've seen nowt o' the wench," said the Gaffer, "and don't want to. Lookee here, you! You and me has had many a battle, and, old as I be, I ha' allays come off best. When I say a thing, I mean a thing, see! and nowt stands i' my way. Him that crosses me I serve like this clump o' wood."

He struck the block a resounding blow.

"He goes to the fire!"

"What have you been saying to Bridget?" asked George again, doggedly, avoiding his father's challenge to battle.

"I've said nowt to her. How should I, when I haven't seen her?"

"If you've been tormenting her," cried George, "if you've told her that I shall ever change, or that I have ceased to care for her, or that I shall ever care for her sister, you've done a base thing, father, which I'll never forgive! The poor child looked like death."

The Gaffer shook at the word.

"I said nowt to her, I tell 'ee. I've said all I've got to say. Be wise in time, you! Do as I bid 'ee, and all the

land'll be yourn some day, when I die! Cross me, and I'll crush your turnip-faced wench under my heel—ay, and you too!"

"If you harmed a hair of her head!"—said George, through his clenched teeth.

"Well!" said the Gaffer, jeeringly.

"God forgive me," said George, "but I think I should kill you!"

"What?" cried the old man, striding towards him.

"Bully those who fear you," said George. "Threaten those you can hurt. You've no power over me or mine."

"We'll see about that," said the Gaffer, going back to his wood-chopping with a nod of evil meaning. "When time comes, blame yourself, not me. I'll tame 'ee, as I tamed your mother before ye."

A beat of horse's hoofs, which had been nearing the Warren unmarked by either father or son, rang with a startling sudden-

"Rubbish!" murmured the Gaffer. "Jasper's a vule."

"So Dutton said, but the old man stuck to it 'twas the truth. I wanted to ask you, Gaffer, if she took anything when she was here?"

"Here?" repeated the Gaffer. "She's never been here-away at all."

"Not been here!" cried Geoffrey. "Why, Jasper says he saw her leaving the Warren on her way home."

The old man felt his son's eyes upon his face.

"Ay, I remember now," he said: "she did pass this way and gi'e me a nod. I thought nowt of it. Say, you! Be she sensible? Has she said nowt?"

"Nothing that I know of. She has called for George, though I doubt if she'll know him when she sees him."

The Gaffer's ugly mask did not change a muscle, but he drew a tremulous breath of relief.

"She's like a woman paralysed and in deadly pain, then the convulsions come and seem tearing her to pieces. She's strange coloured too, as if some ugly stuff was in her blood."

His glance turned to George, who was leaning against the wall with his face gone grey, his eyes glazed, his whole frame shaking.

"Take heart, lad! Jasper says he'll save her. Don't linger. The poor child has called out your name more than once, and she may want to see you."

George nodded, and motioned Geoffrey to the gate without looking at him.

"I'll come; I'll come," he said. "Go and say I'm coming."

Geoffrey mounted and rode away.

The Gaffer took up his billhook with a shaking hand, not daring to look towards his son. George, pale as a corpse, walked to him and laid his hand upon his arm.

"Father," he said, in a harsh voice unlike his own.

"Well," answered the old man, shrinking at the touch.

"Tell me what this means. Why did you lie to Geoffrey? Why did you deny at first that Bridget had been here?"

"I denied nowt," cried the Gaffer. "Take your hand off!"

He fiercely shook himself free.

"You heard what he said," George continued. "That Bridget had taken poison!"

"Ay! what's that to me?"

"It's life and death to me," said George. "I know you hate her. I know that you would gladly see her dead. Answer: what took place when she was here? You have admitted that you spoke together. What else? Did she eat or drink anything in this place?"

"Nay, neither bite nor sup," replied the old man, shivering like a leaf.

"Look me in the face and say that!" said George.

The Gaffer raised his eyes, but they wandered nervously all over his son's face. His lips moved, but only a moan of inarticulate sound was audible.

"George," he cried at last, "I'll not deceive 'ee. She was faint, and I give the

poor wench a drink o' butter-milk from the churn. How could that harm her?"

"It could not," said George, "Unless"—

"Unless!" echoed the Gaffer. "What d'ye mean?"

"I mean," cried George, "that if Bridget has taken poison, 'twas you that gave it to her!"

"What!" screamed the old wretch, with a livid face of deadly fear, but doing his best to bluster down the accusation.

"D'ye dare?"

"Tell me the truth," said George. "There may be time yet."

"I've told 'ee all I got to tell," murmured the Gaffer.

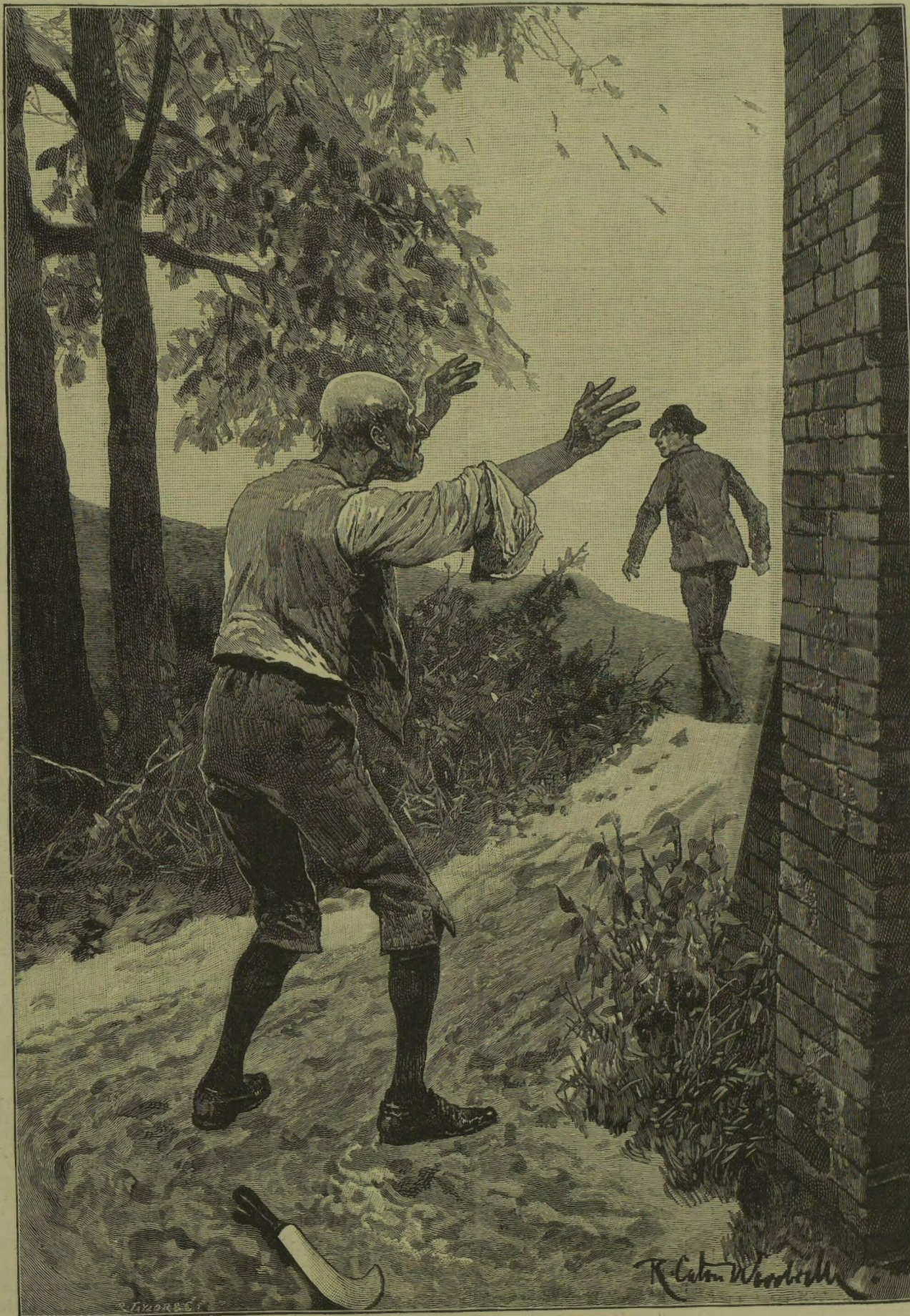
"You swear," said George, "that you did nothing to harm her?"

"I swear it!" cried the old man. "I swear it!"

"Very well," said George, and started towards the gate.

"Jarge, Jarge!" cried the Gaffer: "stop—where be 'ee going?"

"I am going to the farm. I shall tell them there that Bridget drank a glass of milk here, and that that may have caused her illness."



"Jarge, Jarge!" cried the Gaffer: "stop—where be 'ee going?"

ness on the stones of the road a score of yards away, and Geoffrey Doone heaved in sight, mounted on his roadster. He pulled up at the gate, and dismounted.

The Gaffer's face went ashen white, but George, wondering what business had brought Geoffrey there, did not look at him.

"George, my lad," said Geoffrey, laying his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder, "I've bad news for you. Be a man, and bear it. You're wanted down at the farm."

"It's Bridget?" cried the lover.

"Ay," said Geoffrey, "It's Bridget. She's taken ill."

"Ill? How?"

"She was found by Jasper lying by the roadside, insensible. He carried her home, and soon after entering the house she was seized with convulsions. Dutton was called in. He had her put to bed at once. He says it's a shock to the brain. But Jasper"—

He paused, then added—

"Well, you may as well hear it from me as from another. Jasper took me aside and told me that 'twas poison."

George staggered.

"Poison!" he gasped. "Impossible!"

"Ye can't say that, Jarge! Ye mustn't say that!"

"Why not?"

"Because—ye'll set folk talking. They're a foul-mouthed lot hereabouts, and they know I bear the wench no goodwill."

"And what then?"

"They might say things," groaned the Gaffer: "Jarge, bide here. Don't go down yonder. Would ye put the rope round your father's neck? Stay here, and I'll tell 'ee the truth."

"The truth?" cried George.

"Ay, the God's truth."

He crept nearer to his son, shivering as with an ague.

"I done it for your sake, Jarge!"

"For my sake. You did what? What have you done?"

"Hush, hush!—folk'll hear ye. I've cleared the way for 'ee to Catherine. Ye said ye'd ne'er ha' her while Bridget was alive. Well, ye may count her dead, for neither you nor any man can save her. I've gi'en her poison stuff to drink."

"You! my father? Then Jasper was right!"

"Ay, d—n him!" cried the old man. "'Twas from him I got the stuff, and if he guesses I used it 'twill cost me my life, or else a power o' money, Jarge! Stop! Don't go!"

He clung to the young man with trembling hands.

"Let me pass!" cried George, struggling to free himself of the tenacious grip.

"Not to speak agin me?" wailed the Gaffer. "Not to say your father's a murderer? Not to put the rope round my neck! I tell 'ee, if ye go down yonder and tell 'em what ye know I'll hang for it, and 'twill be your doing. Jarge, Jarge! I done it all for you! 'Twas for you I wanted Catherine—wanted the money—wanted the land. And you shall ha' 'em, ha' 'em all, and mine too, all of it, Jarge, every acre and every penny. I swear it. I'll go to the lawyer this day and make it over to 'ee."

"My God, my God!" cried George. "Let me go! I'll speak at any cost. I'll save her."

"No, no, Jarge; ye can't have the heart to do it!"

"Listen," cried George. "There is one way. Go to the farm yourself—tell them there has been an accident—that there was poison here—that Bridget drank it by mistake—that—go—go! You will know what to say."

"I'll go—I'll go!" said the Gaffer.

He made a few tottering steps towards the gate.

"And I'll come with you," said George, following and catching him up.

"What! ye don't trust me?" snarled the old man.

"Trust you!" repeated George, bitterly. "No!"

"Then I'll bide here," said the Gaffer, "and if 'tis a hanging job I'll face it out. Say what ye will, ye can prove nowt. The stuff leaves no trace. It's oath agin oath, and mine's as good as yourn. Bide where ye be!" he cried fiercely, intercepting George's passage.

For the moment he was desperate. His one idea was to give the poison time to work, and then to face the consequences. After all, where was the proof? But his resolution failed.

"Jarge, Jarge! ye can't give me up, lad. I'm your father, and I did it for your sake. Take pity!"

"What pity had you on her?" asked George.

"Think again, lad, think again! If ye speak, if ye give me up, all the world will know it, and the shame will fall on you as well."

"Shame or no shame," said George, "she shall live."

"She shannot, she shannot!" screamed the old man, "not if I strangle her with my own hands. Vule, vule! What can ye prove? This stuff leaves no trace, I tell 'ee. All the doctors in the land can't find it. Stand! Ye sha'n't go."

He seized the billhook, and swung it over his head, transformed with rage and fear, and looking unnaturally tall.

"I'll kill 'ee first, and swing for both, if I must!"

George pressed on with a white face.

"Then kill me, as you've killed her."

The billhook fell clanking to the ground, and the Gaffer threw himself to his knees, clasping George's legs.

"Jarge! My son! Take the money. Take the land. Take all I've got, but keep my secret. I'm an old man. I can't last long. I'll go over sea to Ameriky. Anything, anything! Don't put the rope round the neck o' me, your father! Your father! Jarge! Jarge! For the love of God!"

His voice died in his throat as George broke from him, and he fell grovelling on the earth. By the time he had gathered his shaking bones together, and crawled to the gate, the young man's figure had disappeared round the bend of the road.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HANE AND ANTIDOTE.

By pois'n seed,
O' tangled weed,
And bloom o' deadly power,
Nature soweth soft remede
O' healing leaf and flower—
The darnel by the nettle grows,
The cure beside the blight—
And where the spotted snakesroot blows
Lurks the milkwort white.—*Old Song.*

Jasper took the bottle from his messenger, and strode to the kitchen, where he found Catherine sitting by the window. Her hands were clasped in her lap, her eyes fixed on the floor. A heavy tress of her dark hair, escaping from the knot in which it had been bound, fell across her cheek, accentuating the deadly pallor of her face.

"I've got the stuff, Miss Catherine," said Jasper. "Shall I go up?"

She raised her eyes.

"Jasper, you have never deceived me. Tell me, tell me truly, can you save her?"

"Sure enough," answered Jasper. "If I can do what I want to do before you fool comes back wi' his drugs, I can save her and I will."

"He says," said Catherine, "that if you meddle with the case, he will have nothing to do with it."

"So much the better for the little missie," said Jasper: "I'd be loth to trust the life of a beast with yonder blithering fool, let alone a Christian. I tell ye, Miss Catherine, I can cure her. He knows nowt about it. I know all."

Thoughts of which Jasper could guess nothing were passing through Catherine's mind. Her keen wits had gone ahead of the actual situation, and were busy with the future. Her quarrel with her sister, and the grounds of it, were public property by now. Suppose Jasper's belief in his own skill was simply the overweening conceit of an old-world, ignorant peasant who felt his rule-of-thumb knowledge pitted against the modern science he despised? Suppose he failed to work the cure he so boldly guaranteed, and Dutton withdrew, as he would certainly do if his claims to professional respect were thrown aside? If Bridget died what would be the public verdict? Would not people believe—would she not have given them a right to believe—that she had deliberately rejected the

best aid at hand in order that her sister might die? She saw the risk, and it was terrible. Her courage quailed before it.

"Miss Catherine," said Jasper, solemnly, noting her indecision, "listen to me. So sure as you let me go to your sister's bedside, so sure shall she be whole and sound in a day or two. So sure as you Dutton has the fettlin' of her, so sure she'll die. He knows nowt o' the business—nowt at all. Ye know me. I'm no liar nor bragger. I'll save your sister, if you trust her i' my hands."

His solemn adjuration decided her.

"Come," she said simply, and rising, led the way upstairs to Bridget's chamber.

The girl was lying as they had left her, pale and silent, with closed eyes. At the sound of their entrance she looked towards them with a wandering, almost witless gaze. Her eyes dwelt on Catherine for a second or two without recognition, then she trembled and covered beneath the bedcloths.

"No, no!" she cried. "Go away, I'm afraid of you!"

Catherine turned a look of speechless agony on Jasper. He nodded.

"Go, since the sight o' ye disturbs her! 'Tis not your sister that speaks, 'tis the sickness in her. Go, Miss Catherine, I'll send for ye presently, and ye'll have a kindlier welcome."

Catherine went back to the kitchen, and sank again into her seat by the window. She could think to no purpose; she had not even a definite, namable feeling. Her brain was heavy, her heart burned in her breast like fire within the naked hand. Bridget was ill, dying perhaps, and she had driven her from her side. The words she had spoken to Bridget on that dreadful night hummed through her mind. Could she ever have spoken them, or was the whole series of dreadful events simply a frightful dream?

Geoffrey, booted and spurred, came on tiptoe into the brick-paved kitchen.

"Well," he asked softly, but as cheerily as he could, "How goes it? Is she better?"

"Jasper is with her," said Catherine, "he says he can save her."

"Why are you not with her too? This is no time for you to be apart."

"I was there just now," said Catherine. "She saw me, and she cried. She was afraid of me. That is what all our love has come to. Well, it's the world's way!"

"It's only her delirium," said Geoffrey, soothingly. "Sick people are often like that, and turn from those they love most."

"No," replied Catherine. "It's her heart! Hard as mine! She's suffering—dying, perhaps—and I, who should be at her side to help and comfort her, sit here helpless! I reared her like a mother, I cherished her, and watched her grow: I loved her, and now I'm the one from whom she shrinks—my presence adds to her pain. Oh, if she should die!"

She shuddered, and buried her face in her hands.

"Even at the thought of that the tears won't come!"

She took the heavy lock of hair which fell across her cheek, and gnawed at it.

"My heart's like stone!"

Geoffrey stood looking miserably down at her, fain to offer comfort, but finding none.

"Is the doctor with her still?" he asked, for lack of anything better to say.

"No, he has gone home for some medicine."

"And Jasper? Has he said anything?"

"Nothing, except that he will save her."

"Go to her, Catherine," said Geoffrey. "Go to the little one. Of all living souls you should be the nearest to her now."

"Haven't I told you," cried Catherine, half fiercely, "she doesn't want me—she—"

"Don't believe that," said Geoffrey. "Surely you're not bitter still against your sister, at such a moment as this?"

"I don't know. Don't ask me. Leave me, and don't torture me, or I shall go mad!"

Jasper descended from the bed-room, and, seeing Geoffrey, paused a moment.

"You've said nowt to her of the poison?" he whispered, crossing him.

Geoffrey shook his head, and Jasper, faying his finger on his lips as a hint to continued caution, passed on to Catherine.

"I believe your sister's saved, Miss Catherine; but 'twill be a longish job before she's well and about again. There's trouble there—sore trouble, that preys upon the heart; and she's had a cruel shock beside."

Catherine listened with a dull face, seeming scarcely to understand.

"Listen, Miss Catherine," continued the old man. "You've had faith in your old sarvant, and I thank 'ee for it. But ye must have faith to the end, or 'tis no use. You doctor vule will be back here wi' his drugs directly. He hasn't the pluck to do much harm, but it's a ticklish case, and Miss Bridget must take none o' his stuff. Ye can manage that without him knowing aught about it?"

He had scarcely spoken when Dutton's voice was heard in the yard and a second after he entered, with a bottle in his hand.

"Well, busybody," he cried, catching sight of Jasper; "are you ready with any new charms and incantations? I suppose you think that what science can't do superstition can?"

"I know nowt o' superstition, as ye call it," returned Jasper, stolidly, "and less o' science, but I know the yerbs and the ways o' nature. You've given the poor lass up, likely?"

"I know this," said Dutton: "that if she doesn't improve under my treatment before night, she'll possibly die."

Catherine gave a sob at the word, and Jasper laughed.

"Don't mind him, Miss Catherine. Miss Bridget won't die this time."

"What!" cried Dutton, aghast at the old man's calm superiority. "You—an ignoramus, a bumpkin, dare to question the skill of a certificated medical practitioner! Truly!"

Rage and astonishment choked him, and he stood swelling and gobbling at Jasper like a turkey-cock. The Shepherd looked at him calmly, his gums bared by a soundless laugh. Dutton thumped the bottle on the table, and marched to the window.

"There ye be, Miss Catherine!" said Jasper, giving her the bottle, with a pressure of the hand and a signal to her to remember his warning. "The directions is writ on the label."

Catherine looked at him speechless. He nodded reassuringly, and she left the room.

"And pray," said Dutton, turning with an affectation of ironical respect to the Shepherd, "what is your diagnosis of the case, if I may make so bold as to ask?"

"What's my what?" asked Jasper.

"What is the matter with the patient, according to you?"

"Just this," said Jasper, quietly. "She's taken poison stuff o' some kind."

"Poison!" repeated Dutton.

"Hold your whist, Sir!" said Jasper, in a voice like the growl of a bulldog. "Miss Catherine knows nowt about it. She has trouble enough to bear."

"Poison!" repeated Dutton, in a lower tone, and with intense contempt.

"The old man may be right," said Geoffrey to Dutton. "He has skill, and I've known cases which puzzled the knowing ones, but where outsiders guessed right."

"I took you for a sensible fellow," said Dutton, angrily. "Poison? I'll stake my reputation on my diagnosis. It's a shock to the cerebral system, following close on a nerve crisis. At first I suspected typhoid, but the symptoms changed. I confess myself rather puzzled, but I think her constitution will pull her through. But if that old ignoramus is allowed to meddle with my treatment, I warn you once more, I'll resign the case."

"When the black crows fly," muttered Jasper, drily, "then comes the sick man's chance!"

Dutton contented himself with a glance of lofty disdain, and, turning to Geoffrey, said—

"I must get away. Farmer Morris's bay mare is expected to foal to-day. I shall be there till four o'clock, and after that I shall call again."

Geoffrey went out with him into the yard, where Dutton's wrath against Jasper exploded anew.

"The old sorcerer! The madman! Do we live in the Middle Ages or in the nineteenth century? If this girl dies—and I warn you that she may—I'll have the old wretch imprisoned for practising illegally on the bodies of her Majesty's lieges!"

"Suppose he's right," said Geoffrey. "Suppose she is suffering from some poison?"

"Suppose the moon is made of green cheese!" cried Dutton. "I tell you the man is an ass; and these idiots of villagers, these ignorant hounds, accept his mumbo-jumbo and reject my science. Even Catherine Thorpe, a sensible woman, rich, a person with a head on her shoulders, doubts my skill and engages this Cagliostro of the pigsty! She listens to his incantations! She goes to him at dead of night to ask for drams and love-philtres."

"What d'ye mean by that?" asked Geoffrey, startled.

"What I say," retorted Dutton. "She was seen up at the sheepfolds, last night, alone, at midnight, on the quest, I suppose, for some drug to cure her cows of barrenness and her lame ducks of the falling sickness."

"Who told you that?" demanded his companion.

"The Gaffer. He saw her on the Weald, and, being curious, watched her. A woman like that!—a rich woman—consulting a ragged fortune-telling charlatan, her own servant!"

"Last night?" said Geoffrey, with bent brows.

"Yes, last night. And to-day, you see, she brings down the old quack to defeat my science."

They had reached the gate by this time, and looking absently down the lane, saw George Kingsley approaching the house. His head was bent, he walked slowly and hesitatingly, and when within a hundred yards of them stopped and half turned, as if to retrace his steps. Catching sight of Geoffrey and the Doctor, he came on with an obvious effort. He was very pale, and looked horribly disturbed.

"Does he know of this?" asked Dutton.

"Yes," said Geoffrey. "I told him a while ago. You know he's in love with the little lass, and it was a sad shock to him."

George came up to them.

"Well?" he said, with a quick pant in his voice. "What news?"

"Bad, I fear," said Geoffrey. "The doctor here says"—

"I say nothing," said Dutton. "I have done what I can for her at present."

"Tell me," cried George, "tell me the truth. I can bear it. Is she—is she dying?"

"A short time will determine. Her constitution, aided by my remedies, may pull her through. I have administered an antispasmodic. And now, before the result is seen, I am as good as shown the door because an ignorant old ass talks of the girl being poisoned."

George drew his breath sharply, and reaching out his hand supported himself by the gate-post. His face went paler. He glanced from Dutton to Geoffrey and back again before speaking.

"And if by chance," he began huskily; "one can never tell—if by chance it should be that? If Bridget, by some accident, should have taken poison?"

Dutton shrugged his shoulders roughly.

"Another of 'em," he cried. "Is the whole world going mad? Poison! Why, there isn't a single symptom of poisoning. No vomiting, for instance."

"But," said George, "I have heard that some poisons don't cause that symptom."

"There are certain vegetable distillations that may not," said Dutton—"belladonna, for instance."

"Yes," cried George, "That's what I mean. Belladonna!"

"How the devil could the girl have swallowed belladonna?" cried Dutton, testily. "That's not a drug to be lying about a farm, like arsenic. No, the cause is quite simple. It's a cerebral shock, induced possibly by malaria and temporary paralysis of the nerve centres. But why talk? I've done what I could. If Catherine Thorpe has the brains to trust me, I'll pull her sister through, if I can. If she lets that infernal old charlatan meddle he'll kill her to a certainty, and I shall wash my hands of the case."

He nodded to the two men, and strode away in the direction of Morris's farm.

(To be continued.)

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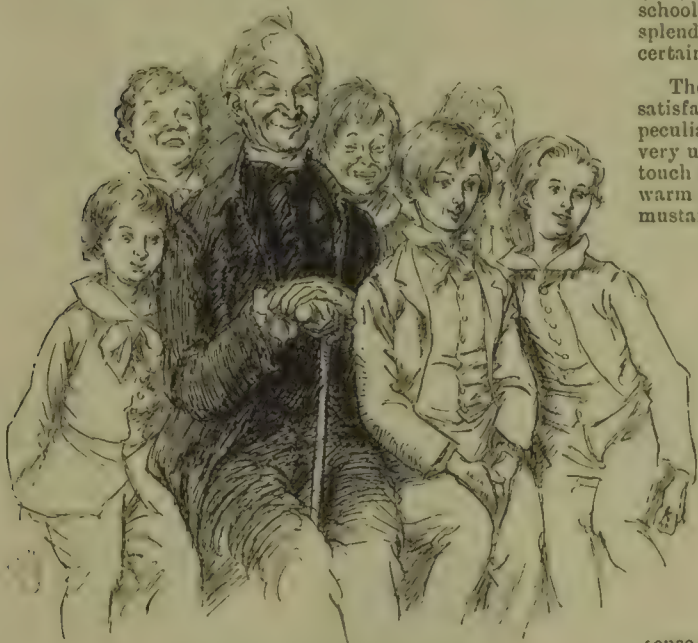
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ART NOTES.

Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" has long since taken its place among the standard works of fiction of the Victorian age, and we believe that our grandchildren will refer to it as a transcript of provincial life in the middle of this century as faithful as Miss Austin's novels are of life at the close of the last. The new edition of this most delightful work, illustrated by Mr. Hugh Thomson (Macmillan), displays so much skill as well as appreciation of the author, that it will rank among the most attractive gift-books of the season; while the sympathetic preface by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie adds an additional charm to a book which will bear reading over and over again. George Sand only spoke the thought which has occurred to many when she said of Mrs. Gaskell that "she had written books which excite the deepest interest in men of the world, and yet which every girl will be the better for reading." There is little that is dramatic in "Cranford," but there is true humour, and its near kinsman, pathos. Who among us has not been present in spirit at the games of "Preference" with which the ladies of that village who practised "elegant economy" by day diverted themselves on occasional evenings? Who has not sympathised with the flutterings of Miss Matty's tender heart, and the true nobility with which she faced misfortune, bearing all her sorrows on her own valiant shoulders? We have followed Miss Jenkyns in her literary championship of "The Rambler" and her solemn scorn of "Boz," and might have sympathised with her when she was dispossessed of the leadership of Cranford society had not her place been taken by the Hon. Mrs. Jamieson and Lady Glenmire. But it is needless to insist upon the attractions of "Cranford": it is a quiet, peaceful work, to which young and old can return at any moment with both profit and pleasure; and we are grateful to the publishers for furnishing us with so good an excuse for gratifying our inclination. Mr. Thomson's illustrations are, in most cases, happily conceived and deftly executed, and add piquancy



"THE CHURCH SMILING APPROVAL."

From Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," Illustrated by Hugh Thomson.

to the text in many places. If we ventured to offer any criticism on them, it would turn rather on the costume than on the characters. We know from the book that it depicts village life about 1836-7; but in many cases the men, especially, appear in the fashion of the days of the Prince Regent, which may have been kept alive by Major Bagstock, but would scarcely have commended itself to Captain Brown. As a rule, too, Mr. Thomson's men are better, because they are more real, than his women. The reason is not difficult to find. The ladies of Cranford are so delicately described by Mrs. Gaskell, that a reverent illustrator might naturally hesitate to mark their faces by stronger lines, or to essay to give them more than elegance and refinement.

To all who take an interest in the phases of modern art, the exhibitions of the New English Art Club must have peculiar attractions. A winter exhibition, in addition to the ordinary annual display, is evidence either of self-confidence or public appreciation, and that now open at the Dudley Gallery (Egyptian Hall) is sufficiently characteristic to make it worthy of the society. Forcible, and often violent colouring, in which scarlet poppies, azure mountains, and emerald seas play a prominent part, is the note of one section of the new school of landscapists, while the other delights in fog and mist and "dirty" weather in its strictest sense. Our English skies are not, perhaps, less variable than those who would transfer them to canvas; but except to a chosen few our cloud tones are more sober and their harmony more complete. To the figure-painters, ladies in fantastic dresses and uneasy, though not always ungraceful, attitudes seem to appeal most successfully for sympathetic treatment; while in the rear of these two advance-guards comes a curious crowd of painters, who seem to persuade themselves that the public will accept for inspiration what is with difficulty to be distinguished from slovenliness.

There are, however, several works which cannot fail to afford pleasure to picture-lovers of all tastes. Mr. James Paterson's "Nameless Hills" (13) is an excellent specimen of the modern Scotch school; the blue sky, flecked with fleecy clouds, is in admirable harmony with the sandy foreground and grey horizon. Mr. George Clausen's "Old White Cottage" (22) is an almost perfect combination, so far as pastel will allow, of firm drawing and delicate tones; and, although we



"A DIARY IN TWO COLUMNS."

From Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," Illustrated by Hugh Thomson.

doubt the vividness of such colouring after nightfall, there is much in Mr. Anning Bell's "Jack o' Lantern" (50), which bespeaks the true artist. Mr. Theodore Roussel's "Sea after Sunset" (56) gives to our eye a truer sense of the evening lights; and if strange tones are preferred, Mr. Arthur Tomson's "Summer Night" (78) claims a place among the most successful works. Mr. Buxton Knight's "Poole Harbour" (90) is a poetic rendering of a restful spot. Mr. Alexander Harrison's "Backwaters" (98), covered with water-lilies, is a masterly treatment of colour, and finds a worthy companion in Mr. Graham Petrie's "Green River" (109). Mr. James Grace shows in his rendering of "Summer in the Isle of Wight" (110) that careful and delicate work finds its place in the new school; while Miss Dora Noyes has boldly grappled with the splendours and difficulties of "A Poppy Field" (109) and, within certain limits, with more than usually happy results.

The figure-pieces in the exhibition are, on the whole, less satisfactory than the landscapes, the artists aiming rather at peculiarity than beauty. Mr. J. S. Sargent has two works of very unequal merit. "A Life Study" (67) of a girl with some touch of African blood is splendidly modelled, and with rich, warm flesh tones; but his "Javanese Dancer" (64), with mustard-coloured skin, wooden head, and oblong body, looks rather like an attempt to mystify the public than to advance any theory of art. Mr. George Clausen's portrait of a child (83) is a truthful and pleasant treatment of a red-haired peasant girl's face; whilst as a contrast between nature and artificiality we have Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen's "Affection" (70), a graceful figure of a girl in white muslin, full of excellent qualities both of draughtsmanship and colour. M. J. E. Blanche has altogether failed to render the dignity and thoughtfulness of Miss Cobden (4); and Mr. Walter Sickert fails conspicuously in presenting a recognisable likeness of Mr. George Moore (48). Mr. Reginald Hallward's "Maternity" (51) is an obvious effort to apply modern thought to religious ideals, and, while recognising the care displayed in the work, we fail to catch the motive which inspired the painter of the Renaissance in the treatment of the subject. Mr. George Morton is a skilful painter, with a fine sense of colour, as shown in his figures of "Pick me up" (19) and "Miss Dignity" (55), and Mr. Otto Scholderer's "Pears" (91) and "Peaches" (95) are perfect studies of still life. M. Monet's "Orange and Lemon Trees" (65) and "Early Spring" (53) and M. Degas's "Répétition" are excellent examples of the styles of the leaders of the French Impressionists, but they hardly call for notice in an exhibition of English art.

The Painter-Etchers are closing up their ranks, and give notice that no applications for association in the society will be received unless made before Christmas. The feature of next year's exhibition will be a collection of Vandyck's etchings, which will take up the history of the art where Rembrandt left it; but, interesting as this will be we hope that the early English etchers and mezzotintists will not be forgotten in any historical review of the art.



"HOW ARE YOU? HOW ARE YOU?"

From Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," Illustrated by Hugh Thomson.

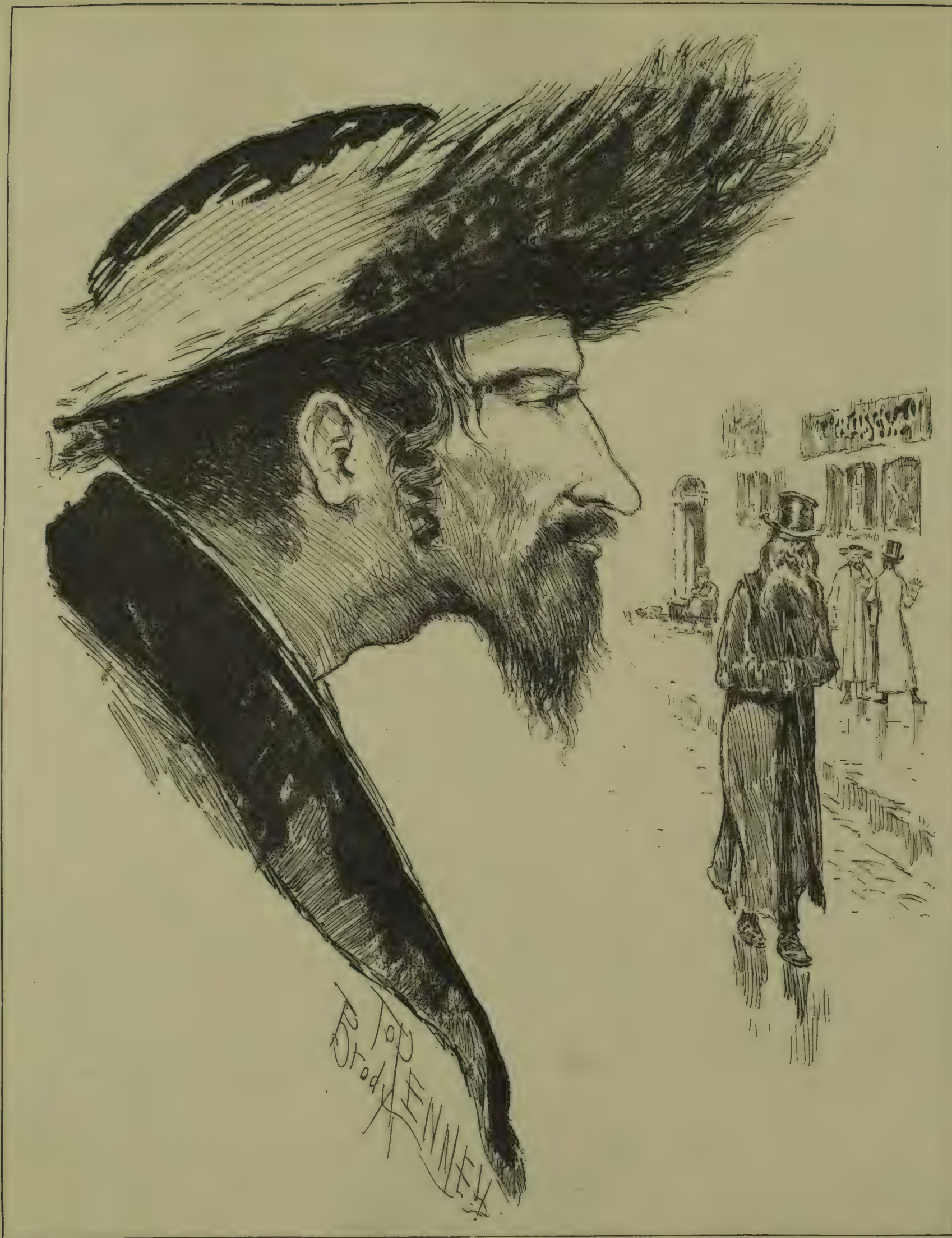
THE SCRAMBLE FOR COREA.

BY THE HON. STUART HUSKINE.

To its geographical position, as much as to the peculiarly conservative character of its people, must primarily be attributed Corea's long and uninterrupted enjoyment of freedom from contact with the external world. Its geographical aspect, indeed—the advantages of which from a purely military and, consequently, selfish point of view can scarcely be exaggerated—may be said almost to spell the word isolation. Situated in the extreme East, towards the rising sun, this peninsula, compared by travellers and others to the Italian boot, deprived, however, of heel and toe, but having most semblance to an irregular-shaped crescent, occupies rather a commanding position between the extremity of the north-eastern coast-line of China and the island of Japan, which lies, in an oblique direction, contiguous to it. North of Corea is the vast and, for the most part, wholly unexplored territory surrendered by China to Russia in 1860. It will be gathered from the foregoing rude description of her position that Corea, besides being emphatically a country in which natural, as well as political conditions are pre-eminently favourable to isolation, is mainly dependent for her social status upon the degree of refinement and civilisation which may obtain in the territories of neighbouring States. That that degree is neither so great nor so capable of expansion as should, in the interests of society and the Coreans themselves, be desired is to be attributed to the barbarity and exclusiveness of rival Powers, rather than to any decided predilection entertained by the people of Corea for bloodshed, ignorance, and superstition. It must be confessed, nevertheless, that there is not in Corea—and in this respect Japan offers a striking, but not always pleasing, contrast to the former country—any marked desire to profit by the spread of European thought and opinion, as well as the partial introduction of those more dubious notions touching religious, social, and political subjects, which are the peculiar products of the West. The Coreans, in point of fact, ever since the entry of the combined armies of Great Britain and France into Peking, on Oct. 30, 1860—an event which created immense excitement throughout the length and breadth of the peninsula—and the bombardment at a later date of Kwang-hwa by the Americans, have steadily and uniformly resisted all schemes founded on the idea of national aggrandisement, and pertinaciously embrace the traditional element in the Governmental policy, dislike of the foreigner and dread of his power. It is a curious commentary on civilisation that up to the present nothing has occurred which might throw the least discredit upon this policy, narrow and selfish though it may appear to Europeans. Corea never has really been disturbed except by means of the foreigner. It is notorious that one of the bloodiest epochs in her history—the revival of Christianity in the year 1784—inaugurated a period which literally ran with blood and shook the foundations of the Constitution to such effect that grave fears were excited for its safety and that of all aristocratic and despotic institutions in the peninsula. The intermittent massacres of Christians, however, from the year 1784 downwards, can be distinctly traced to fear of foreign invasion and even interference. But, so far from following up these persecutions to their logical conclusions, the Korean Government seems to have contented itself with occasionally emphasising its opinion regarding "the infidels"; for not until 1837, when the first Bishop of Corea—one Imbert by name—and numbers of his flock suffered the extreme penalty of death, did that body again take upon itself the double duty of upholding and vindicating the orthodox faith. This last manifestation of intolerance so effectually reduced the Christians to subjection that there scarcely remained, after the storm had blown over, one person making profession of Protestantism in the whole of Corea, and certainly no one bold enough to bear testimony to its former popularity.

As to the climate of Corea, it is, on the whole, equable and temperate, although sudden extremes in heat and cold render it somewhat dangerous to Europeans. The set periods of the year are, however, best avoided, and the safest season in which to visit the peninsula is betwixt summer and winter, when the latter has lost some of its severity and the former not yet attained its full strength. The inhabitants are, as a rule, courteous, hospitable, and brave. In person they bear close resemblance to the Japanese, but are stronger and fairer to look upon than their enterprising and energetic little neighbours. The nobles, who assume and exercise unlimited political power, and, needless to say, abuse it proportionately, are undoubtedly responsible for many of the ills which press heavily upon the common people. They are generally disliked and feared, and, should occasion arise, there is no doubt but that they and other antiquated and unpopular institutions would be swept away in revolution. The position accorded to the women differs materially from that assigned to them in other Eastern countries whose religions are a mixture of Confucianism and Mohammedism. They are treated honourably, even with kindness, and, in some few respects, they enjoy privileges denied, from reasons of policy and prudence, to the men. Their persons, for instance, are invariably held sacred; neither is their liberty the subject of harsh and vexatious restrictions. On the other hand, the law, which is no respecter of persons here as elsewhere, treats them somewhat disdainfully, refusing to take cognisance of them except in the matter of treasonable conspiracy; it is then generally rather severe on them. Polygamy, that *bête noir* of the sex, is discreetly eschewed.

The future of Corea seems beset with difficulties. The great immediate danger which she has to fear is that of annexation, and, consequently, loss of independence. The Government of China has long looked with greedy eyes upon the rich and fertile peninsula. The suzerainty of the latter country, secretly execrated but outwardly complied with, ever has been directed with the view to ultimate conquest or annexation. The time for such a movement is, no doubt, not yet arrived; but when it does come it may be certain of one thing, and that is, of finding Corea utterly unprepared for resistance. Japan also has cast lustful eyes upon Corea, while Russia, notoriously eager to ride rough-shod over any and every treaty and obligation which may stand between her and the coveted supremacy of the Eastern seas, is already giving her best attention to a scheme which has for its object the sudden dissolution of the Korean Constitution. From all which it may be gathered that Great Britain's interests in Corea are not large: they are not, nor are they ever likely to be, so long as Britons continue to display the same intelligent spirit of indifference towards her immense riches in the future as they have been content to exhibit in the past. In fact, the great wealth of Corea is her chief source of danger, and, with so many and confirmed thieves about her, it may be doubted whether she will long be permitted to enjoy undisturbed possession of her individuality. To Great Britain Corea is only valuable as a field for Russian diplomacy; and we in England must be content to watch the progress of the scramble and to emphasise occasionally our distrust of all such measures as have for their object the undoing of Korean independence and the obliteration of an ancient and interesting kingdom.



A JEW OF BRODY.

THE JEW AT HOME.

BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

I.—IN AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

Though the Jew for some time past has been monopolising the newspapers and public attention, my interest in him was never greatly aroused until this summer, when for myself I saw him as he really is in the south-east of Europe—as he is quite unknown in England or America. I met him first in Carlsbad, a miserable, weak, consumptive-looking specimen of humanity, a greasy corkscrew ringlet over each ear, head bent forward, coat-collar turned up, hands crossed on his stomach, each

buried in the opposite sleeve, coat reaching to his heels, and a caricature of an umbrella under his arm. I had always supposed Carlsbad to be the favourite haunt of royalty, and now I found the most conspicuous people in the place were these creatures, so many pages out of German and Austrian comic papers. Then next I came across him in Vienna, in the Judengasse, still with the same curls, the same long coat, the same general greasiness and suggestion of physical incapacity. He was even more prominent in Budapest, where, in crowds, he haunted the old-clothes exchange in the yearly market, and where he seemed, if possible, a degree greasier and more degenerate. And now I began to hear a great deal about him—not only from the philanthropists who know him not, and therefore long to take him into their

midst, but from those who, knowing him, long to get rid of him for evermore. In England, where one's sympathies are taxed in a fresh cause every day, one could read about "Philanthrope" Hirsch and his Jews and remain indifferent; but it was impossible to stay in Austria or Hungary without feeling that the Jewish question was one of the most interesting problems of the day.

It is in these countries that one can best see him as he really is. In Russia persecution still lends him the dignity of the martyr; but in Austria and Hungary he is the free man, at liberty to live as he chooses, to wear his ringlets, and to make his money by whatever means suit him best—the free man he will be when exported in hundreds from Russia and settled in colonies in the new promised lands. Of the progress

he will make when left to his own resources I had excellent opportunity to judge, since I saw him in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, where he is the free citizen, as well as in Russia, where he is the oppressed and down-trodden victim. That he is cruelly treated by the Russian Government is as certain as that reports of this cruelty are grossly exaggerated. One would as soon believe the Governor of Kieff's assertion that no Jews had been expelled from his city as many of the stories one hears from the other side. In fact, one hardly knows whether or not to accept the late announcement of the Russian authorities that all repressive measures against him have been stopped, or the equally surprising statement made by his friends that he is still coming into Hamburg at the rate of two or three thousand a day. But in all the stories and reports afloat about him small attention is paid to his present manner of life when he is free to regulate it for himself, though this is a subject of far more immediate importance to the world than the history of the cruelties and injustices that have developed or degraded him into what he is in Russia. Nowhere could there be a better chance to study the emancipated Polish Jew than in Brody and Máramaros Sziget, the biggest Austrian and Hungarian Jewish cities, in Lemberg and in some of the smaller towns and villages of Galicia and along the Russian frontier; and in all these places—in which few, if any, of his modern historians and defenders have been—I have seen him and considered him with that interest which he, there in such a powerful majority, commands. To write about his religion or his social and political condition is beyond my purpose; I merely wish to describe him as I saw him, to say something about how he lives and what he does.

Máramaros Sziget is a town of about sixteen thousand inhabitants, situated in the extreme north-eastern part of Hungary. Among these sixteen thousand one can find almost all the races of that part of Europe, but considerably more

out in almost every direction from its large central square, its long streets inhabited mainly by Hungarians and Wallachs, who there build their one-storeyed cottages and hide themselves behind their high wooden fences. When you get a glimpse into their yards, you see the usual farmyard litter of any other country town. But unless the Jew has some business with these people he is never in their quarter. To find him you must come down to the centre of the town, where the great bulk of the eight or ten thousand Jews are herded together in one street, living no better than in Whitechapel. They have appropriated not only the old houses which lie at one end of the square, but half the large hotel and town buildings recently put up in the middle of it. And here they swarm, as if lodgings were as scarce and expensive as in the heart of a great city like London. They live in cellars and in garrets, in alley ways and up courts, in a state of filth and dirt, which is brought out in stronger relief because of the comparative cleanliness of the peasant quarters.

With the exception of this filth—but this is horribly serious—there is little on the surface with which one can reproach them. They are always working, though rarely, if

ever, with their hands; they are endlessly bargaining or haggling about something. If a peasant brings in a few water-melons, he turns them over to the Jew middleman, who acts as commission merchant, at what commission, however, I do not know. If the peasant wants to be hired, he usually goes not directly to the farmer but to the Jew, who at daybreak is arranging his terms in the large central market-square and in the courtyards surrounding it. In Máramaros Sziget, however, I saw Jews really doing something besides buying and selling: they were the cabdrivers of the town. The only other place where I found



THE JUDENGASSE, VIENNA.



IN THE PARK, BRODY.

than half the population to-day are Jews, and these are Polish and Russian Jews who have come there within the last thirty or forty years. It is a typical Hungarian town, stretching



A STUDY OF TYPES, BRODY.

them making any pretence to using their hands was in Berdicheff, where a few were hiring themselves out as wood-sawyers. In Kieff, those who were carters had been expelled.

If you ask the people of Máramaros Sziget, whether the Hungarians or Germans, the Ruthenians or Wallachs, about the Jew, not one will have a good word to say for him. The magistrate will tell you that there are more Jews on his charge-list than all the other people put together. This was a surprise to me, because all through this part of the country where they abound, I found them quite as honest and appar-



IN THE MARKET, MÁRAMAROS SZIGET.



IN THE JEWS' QUARTER MÁRAMAROS SZIGET.

ently as law-abiding as anyone else. They are hated by the bankers because up here on the frontier, where there is much money-changing to be done, their bank is in their trousers' pockets and their office wherever they can stop anybody who wants to do any business. The peasant dislikes and yet fears them, because in this bi- or tri-lingual country they are the only persons among the lower classes who take the trouble to learn three or four languages. One hears in Máramaros Sziget, and, indeed, in

Transylvania, the same stories of the Jew sweating the peasant and taking his land which have been so often told in Russia, but for their truth I cannot vouch; and, in fact, I do not consider this Jewish trait of much importance. If it is true, and the Jew should try these little practices in England or America, he would find that he had a very different class of people to deal with.

One branch of trade which he has monopolised hereabouts is inn-keeping, almost all the inns, except the larger ones in



AT CARLSBAD FOR HIS HEALTH.

the more important towns, being managed by Jews. Only by a stretch of the imagination, however, can the name "inn" be given to the usually lonely house, with no bush or customary sign at the door, with a foul approach to it through the accumulation of refuse which has been thrown out and left there, and with, inside, a big, bare room, its furniture a few tables and the cage behind which the proprietor, as in all Hungarian inns, keeps his stock, or not infrequently nothing but a broken-down table, no less dilapidated chairs, and some framed Hebrew prints on the wall. Sometimes there is an inner room for more distinguished travellers, a Jew pedlar, perhaps, or a well-to-do carter; but it is at the same time the family sleeping-room, where there is sure to be a squalling baby in a cradle and two or three friends of the proprietor talking over their affairs. I remember one day when a friend came in, carrying, wrapped up in dirty paper, a lot of meat in a state in which I thought only a gipsy could have relished it, but which he displayed as a great bargain. You can only buy bread and wine in these places, or at times only bread and milk. What one might get, were one compelled to remain overnight, hermetically sealed up in this inner room, happily I am not prepared to say, any more than I am to explain why the Jew inn is the filthiest place imaginable, while the Hungarian inn, but a few miles off, in the same country, is often as clean as an English one.

While talking about this north-east corner of Hungary, one might as well include Austrian Poland. The characteristics of Jewish life are quite the same in both; the only difference is in the size of the place where the Jews have settled. Podwoloczyska, a town of four or five hundred inhabitants, though only fifteen minutes from the frontier, is as fully developed a Jewish town as Entredam, about the same size, which is some twelve hours from the frontier in Transylvania. What I mean is that the minute the Jew is allowed to adopt the habits which the Christian finds so odious he does so. But first he has to get out of Russia. Brody, the largest purely Jewish town in Austro-Hungary, is the most awful example of Jewish life I have ever seen. Once one of the free cities of the Empire, and then a flourishing place, it became a centre for Jews. It has now lost its freedom, but not its Jewish population. In the latter respect, indeed, it has rather gained. The town has become poorer and poorer, and so have its twenty thousand inhabitants. The friend of the Jew tells you that the Jew of Brody does not go away because he has not money enough; the anti-Semite says he does not go because he does not want to. Anyway, it is quite evident that he stays there, while the commerce of the town has



JEW WITH PEASANTS TO HIRE: MÁRÁMAROS SZIGET.

left it, that he seems perfectly content to loaf and idle all day, haggling in the public square, happy if he can gain enough money to pay for his supper. And it is this apparent idleness, this objection to manual work, which makes the Jew so hated, his coming so dreaded, all through Austro-Hungary, and more especially along the frontier. In a word, to sum up, the Austro-Hungarian Jew produces nothing, he lives on nothing, and apparently he wants nothing. His home is cheerless, his costume is disreputable, and he stands around doing nothing with his hands in a country where every one else of his class is at work, takes a pride in his home, and dresses like a picture.

(To be continued.)

SCOTT AND BYRON.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Quis custodiet ipsos custodes? Mr. Lang is one of our liveliest critics, but he should be aware that in quoting the very worst verses of one of Byron's worst poems, he was merely encouraging scepticism in the common and unintelligent criticaster. Possibly Mr. Lang, who is a wag in his way, is only poking a joke at the Shelleyites and other disciples of verbalism run to seed, because they have said discourteous things about his favourite, Scott? If so, the joke is an awkward one, and will do little good either to Scott or Mr. Lang. Any tomboy on a newspaper can pick out weeds from a poetical flower-garden, and hold them up for vulgar ridicule. The champion of "Bookseller's Romance" and the haggard "Prose Epic" should be better employed; for it is better, after all, to be enthusiastic over tawdry imaginative work than to subtract from a great writer's sum of greatness by convicting him of occasional doggerel. But not content with minor fault-finding, Mr. Lang goes on to account for Byron's mighty vogue on the score that he was a lord and pleased the lovesick ladies—thus assuming that the poet's mediocrity or littleness has been proven. This is not at all like the merry author of "Essays in Little," whose great merit as a critic is that he can be rapturous over anything which he thinks good, from a story by Dumas père to a sketch by Mr. Kipling. He professes to be anxious not to agree with Mr. A. C. Swinburne, but he is only saying politely what the other gentleman has said hysterically and offensively, and would say of Shakspeare himself if occasion rose.

Well; the reply in the affirmative must be as brief and unsatisfactory as Mr. Lang's reply (implied if not spoken) in the negative. It needs no very profound acquaintance with Byron's writings to be able to decide that all their false rhetoric, their often slipshod mechanism, their plagiarisms, and their absurdities, were only the accidental failings of a great poet writing at fever heat. A poet is to be judged by the height of his attainment; by the variety of his power, by the extent of his range, far more than by his verbal felicities or infelicities. The lines commencing "I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs," and those others commencing "There was a sound of revelry by night"; the finest passages in "Cain" and "Manfred"; the description of the shipwreck in "Don Juan," and a thousand other descriptions nearly as fine, surely show the height of his attainment. As to the variety of his power, it reached from the tender imagery of "The Dream" to the splendid rhetoric of "The Isles of Greece"; and what man who passes from "Childe Harold" and "Parisina" to "Beppo" and "Don Juan" shall complain of the narrowness of the range? Surely no angry twitterings of the sparrows at Putney or on Parnassus should persuade us that Byron was not a master-poet? We have been told that he wrote bad verses; so do smaller poets nearer to us, very bad verses: but he never sank to the abyss of verbiage, the very quagmire of tautology, where the hurdygurdyists turn the handles of their so-called musical instruments. He generally wrote like a man, and a great one; and, added to his manliness, he had the wit and humour of the gods. Then, as to mere verbalism, simple musical felicity. What man of all the moderns has conveyed to us as he has done the mighty music of the sea? The very first line of the following famous passage is unequalled for absolute sympathy of sense and sound—

*Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain. . .
Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they? . .
Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests. . .
Even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone!*

I have mutilated the passage to save space, but any reader can turn to it if it be forgotten. And is there no magic as well as music here?—

*She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies.*

Or here?—

*When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years. &c.*

Take, again, the familiar lines—

*He who hath bent him o'er the dead
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the mild angelic air—
The rapture of repose that's there—
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek. . .
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first last look of Death reveal'd.*

Every one of these passages possesses the highest quality of poetry—that of perfect fitness to the theme and perfect simplicity of expression. But the fallacy that Byron was not great, could not even write nobly, refutes itself. The point of Mr. Lang's argument—or, rather, insinuation—is that, whereas Byron wrote badly, Scott wrote well. The real truth is that, whereas Byron was a poet, and in many respects a great one, it is exceedingly doubtful whether Scott was a poet, in the highest sense, at all.

Personally, I place Scott so high in the pantheon of great writers, so near, indeed, to Shakspeare himself in power of humour and imagination, that I am quite indifferent whether he is a "poet" or not. His prose romances are good enough for me, and I am quite willing, if it is necessary, to extend the term "poetry" so as to cover them. But I had occasion lately to make a very intimate study of the poem Mr. Lang quotes so approvingly, my view being to adapt it to the stage. Naturally, I desired to use as much of the text as possible;

but what was the result? A close examination revealed scarcely a dozen lines of adequate expression, the general quality of the verse reminding one of the old Scots' doggerel of "Goloshins"—

*Goloshins! Goloshins!
Goloshins is my name!
With sword and pistol by my side
I hope to win the game!*

This is the sort of thing I found, and had to deal with—

*O let such tears unwonted plead
For respite short from dubious deed, [!]
A child will weep a bramble's smart,
A maid to see her sparrow part, [?]
A stripling for a woman's heart. &c.*

*Perchance you may a marvel deem
That Marmion's paramour
(For such vile thing she was) should scheme
Her lover's nuptial hour! [What does this mean?]*

*Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire, [! ?]
And "this to me!" he said—
"An' 'twere not for thy hoary beard
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!"*

But, even in the face of such barbarities, I should never have dared to suggest that Scott made a mistake in writing verses if I had found *anywhere* in his poems one glimpse of the power, the grandeur, the imaginative audacity, the fearless humour, which Byron showed a thousandfold. Just read these lines about Loch Coruisk, the wildest and most spirit-stirring scene in these islands, perhaps in all the world, and compare them with Byron's wonderful lines beginning "The moon is up, but yet it is not night"—

*But here, above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken;
For all its rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied
The summer's sun, the spring's sweet dew,
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain side [!] . . .
And wilder, forward as they wound,
Were the proud cliffs and lake profound.
Huge terraces of granite black
Afforded rude and lumber'd track.
For from the mountain hoar,
Hurled headlong in some night of fear,
When yell'd the wolf and flail'd the deer,
Loose crags had toppled o'er;
And some, chance-poised and balanced lay. &c.*

Poetry? It is the versification by a careless schoolboy of the "Tourist's Guide to Scotland"!

Mr. Lang, I believe, has told us somewhere, and certainly Mr. Matthew Arnold has done so, that Scott's style was "Homeric"; and Homeric is a good word. There is certainly spirit about his battle-pieces, and a lilt in some of his songs. But when I compare his power as a verse-writer with that of Byron, I incline to the opinion that he did well to run down the flag of the Muses, scuttle his rhyming boat, and take to the ship of prose. To say thus much is not to imply that questions of this sort can be decided by a few loose quotations and looser comments in a newspaper. I adhere to my belief that Mr. Lang ought never to have asked what was, after all, a misleading question, one which leads the way (as doubtless it has done in my own case) to the most misleading kind of criticism—the "Sham-Sample Swindle," as it was rightly called by Charles Reade.

LORD ROSEBERY'S "LIFE OF PITT."

Lord Rosebery's miniature "Life of Pitt," which appears as the latest addition to the "Twelve English Statesmen" series,* is a very clever, taking *tour de force*, a little deficient in style and literary finish, but bright and animated throughout. Lord Rosebery had the advantage of access to many unexplored documents, Pitt being really remotely connected with his family, but he does not seem to have made very extensive use of his knowledge. However, he publishes an interesting correspondence with Lord Wellesley, the statesman, who, it is curious to learn, was greatly chagrined by having been made an Irish instead of an English marquis. The letters are excellent—manly, kind, sensible, frank, and friendly.

Lord Rosebery incidentally gives two delightful reminiscences of Lord Beaconsfield. Lord Beaconsfield once gave Sir William Harcourt an interesting personal view of Pitt's position in politics. Pitt, it must be remembered, called himself a Whig to the last days of his life, which, as Lord Rosebery may well say, meant for Pitt that he really corresponded to the modern Radical-Liberal. Lord Beaconsfield, however, made a characteristic division of Pitt's career into two portions. "It is the first half of it which I select as his title-deed to be looked upon as a Tory Minister—hostility to borough-mongering, economy, French alliance, and commercial treaties, borrowed from the admirable negotiations of Utrecht. The latter half is pure Whigism—close Parliaments, war with France, national debt, and commercial restriction—all promoted and inspired by the arch-Whig Trumpeter Mr. Burke."

Lord Beaconsfield's other contribution to Pitt's biography is in a still lighter vein. Everybody knows the famous account of Pitt's dying words, "Oh, my country! how I leave my country!" According to Lord Beaconsfield, this is simply one of the grand historical fictions. An old waiter in the House of Commons who used to talk to him in Disraeli's younger days declared that one night he was called out of bed by a messenger in a post-chaise, who told him that he must bring some of his meat-pies down to Pitt's house at Putney. When they arrived the statesman was dead. "Them," said the waiter, "was his last words: 'I think I could eat one of Bellamy's meat-pies'!"

Sir James Fergusson will do well to watch the operation of a new postal device which is to be adopted in the United States early in the coming year. Its purpose is to enable everyone to post as well as to receive letters on his own doorstep, and so make the postman on his rounds a distributing and a collecting agent at one and the same time. The effect of the new arrangement will, it is hoped, be materially to lessen the cost of the collection of letters, while effecting a great convenience to the public generally.

* *Pitt*. By Lord Rosebery. "Twelve English Statesmen" Series. (Macmillan and Co.)

MONTE CARLO AND THE RIVIERA.

Awaking from the repose of an almost tropical summer, the beauty spots of the Riviera are busily preparing to welcome their winter guests, the earliest of whom have already arrived. This week an extra service of trains is supplied on the coast-line between Genoa and Marseilles. Most of the large hotels, which have been closed for several months, are now reopened, and on every hand there are other symptoms of reviving gaiety. At Nice many of the stately villas along the fashionable Promenade des Anglais have been engaged for the season, not a few by English families who can happily afford to take refuge on the sunny coast of the Mediterranean from the frosts and fogs of our less favoured clime. Sir Edward Malet, the British Ambassador at Berlin, has bought a choice site for the erection of a winter residence between La Turbie and Monaco.

Lord and Lady Ducie have rented the British Vice-Consul's villa at Nice; and at Beaulieu the Marquis of Salisbury has built and furnished a handsome abode, which, however, he does not purpose to occupy this season. His lordship has decided to let it for the winter, and is offering it, through local agents, for a period of three or six months. The new hotel so successfully opened at Cape Martin is being further enlarged, and the Empress Eugénie has purchased 17,000 square metres of land upon the eastern side of that picturesque promontory for a villa, to which she may retire next winter; but her Majesty is expected to visit Cape Martin in the interval, having derived both pleasure and benefit to health from her sojourn there last year. A courier from the English Court has arrived in the Riviera, and there are rumours that he is about to negotiate for the use of the Cape Martin Hotel to be reserved for Queen Victoria for a month next spring. At Mentone one sees Mr. Spurgeon and many other personages more or less distinguished and well known in England. Familiar faces are also to be met with daily at Cannes, where few of the English visitors fail to make an ascent to the *littily situated villa in* which the Duke of Albany died, or to the church and memorial fountain, not far distant, erected to the memory of his Royal Highness. Another favourite resort—and within easy driving distance of Cannes, but also accessible by train—is Grasse, where villas have multiplied since Queen Victoria's visit. Along the roads to that village—perched high among the hills—hundreds of acres of violet, jessamine, tuberoses, and other sweet-scented flowers, are grown for the perfumes largely manufactured in the locality. Although roads are everywhere under repair, and buildings are being freshly painted in light colours, in no place is preparation more active, or upon a larger scale, than at Monte Carlo. The whole of the salons in the Casino are not yet opened, but the removal of scaffolding discloses that new gilt and glitter have been added to that gay palace of pleasure, so as to make it more than ever attractive to the votaries of chance. The Moorish room is the only one at present used. It contains three tables for roulette and one for trente-et-quarante. All four are daily surrounded from noon till night by an eager throng of gamblers—men and women, old and young, of many nationalities, and the most varied rank in life—staking their money, from the modest five-franc piece to the thousand-franc note or more, upon the variable chances of the game. It would be merely repeating an oft-told tale to describe the motley composition and sordid motives of that anxious crowd of players, or the marvellous dexterity with which the stolid, impassive bankers gather in or pay out the money lost or won by the always greedy, and sometimes seedy, groups who

surround the tables. The gambling establishment, which will shortly be once more in full swing, with at least a dozen tables, belongs to a company, who give little or no thought to the moral cost at which they derive huge profits for the payment of handsome dividends. In accordance with its name—the “Cercle des Etrangers de Monaco”—admission to the Casino is confined to visitors, who are daily furnished with free tickets on giving their names and hotel address at the office. Residents in the town are excluded, but they have some consolation in being freed, at the expense of the Casino, from all local taxation. So abundant are the resources of the company that they vote a large subsidy to French and Italian newspapers, in consideration of no notice being taken of cases, not by any means uncommon, where ruined gamblers are driven by desperation to suicide. Many foreigners, imperfectly acquainted with our ways, believe that English newspapers are similarly bribed; but our own countrymen, at least,

increasing traffic. Travellers on the existing line will be amused by the terms of a notice posted in the railway compartments as a warning. It is printed in four languages, and the English version is to the effect that, on account of scaffoldings erected in certain tunnels, passengers are requested to beware of putting their heads out of the carriages, “in order to avoid disgraceful consequences.” Probably the author of the notice intended to use the word “disagreeable”; at all events, it would be more disagreeable than disgraceful to have one's head knocked off in a railway-tunnel. As it was impossible to enlarge the two long tunnels between Nice and Villefranche, a second boring had to be made, which has added considerably to the labour and expense. The importance of good railway communication along the coast is enhanced by the fact that there is an almost constant stream of passengers to and fro between the principal pleasure places on that shore of the Mediterranean, none of them very far apart. Nice, Cannes, and Mentone daily contribute a large contingent to that gem of the Riviera, Monte Carlo, where many charms may be enjoyed without any participation whatever in the gambling pursuits for which the place is notorious. Visitors may watch the play without taking any part in it. They may also make full use of the advantages gratuitously offered by the Casino, with its lounges, reading-rooms, writing-rooms, concert hall, &c. The band, which numbers about eighty performers, ranks as one of the best in France, and gives two excellent concerts daily, either in the handsome terrace-gardens or within the richly decorated theatre. Quietly disposed visitors, who wish to get away from the listening crowd of fashionable idlers, may bask by the shore of a tideless sea, or enjoy the kindly shade offered by giant palms, olive-trees, and oleanders in full blossom, from the bright sunshine of a deep-blue unclouded sky such as only the genial South can boast in winter time.

Watts Phillips, Artist and Playwright. (Cassell and Co.)—The recent revival by Mr. Henry Irving of the play of “The Dead Heart” revived also in the memory of those past middle age the name of a once popular but now almost forgotten dramatic author. Watts Phillips rose to the height of his popularity just about the time of the disappearance of the old Adelphi, and his career marks the transition of the Adelphi drama from “The Green Bushes” and Madame Celeste to “The Colleen Bawn” and Mr. Boucicault. His first successful piece, “Joseph Savigny,” was produced by Benjamin Webster in 1857, and met with a decided success, not only in this country but also in France, where it was



A DONKEY RIDE UNDER THE PLANE TREES AT MENTONE.

From the Exhibition of Mr. W. Logsdail's Drawings of the Riviera at 148, New Bond-street.

cherish no such delusion. Although quite above and beyond corrupt influence, even the leading organs of our Press are, however, sometimes misled by reports artfully designed to promote the interests of the Monte Carlo establishment. When, for instance, a rumour gets abroad that some lucky player, like Bonne Chance Wells, has broken the bank, even if the story be unfounded, or, at least, an exaggeration, the Casino authorities know that nothing is more likely to tempt an additional shoal of fish to their net. In like manner, it has been stated that the Monaco lease is about to expire, and that visitors will not much longer have a chance of seeing play at Monte Carlo, whereas we believe there is no probability of the pernicious system being brought to an end for many years. In order to meet the demands of the opening season, an extensive new wing or rotunda is being added to the Grand Hotel de Paris, opposite the Casino. Workmen are busy day and night so as to complete this addition with the least possible delay. Rapid progress is also being made with the second line of railway between Nice and Monte Carlo, which will greatly facilitate the

adapted by D'Ennery, who has since well repaid the debt he then incurred towards the English stage. Two years later “The Dead Heart” was produced at the Adelphi—scarcely three months after the first part of Dickens's “Tale of Two Cities” had appeared, and consequently the dramatic author was forthwith assailed most unjustly with the charge of plagiarism. Watts Phillips ventured to produce plays from time to time, but they seldom had any long run. Luckily, he was not only possessed of some private means but found constant and profitable occupation for his pen in other paths of literature besides the dramatic. As an artist he was known almost exclusively to his friends, for it was only in his letters to them that he allowed his skill as a draughtsman, especially in the drawing of “Cupid,” to appear. Sir Fred. Milbank and Dr. Ord, who were for many years on a friendly footing with Mr. Watts Phillips, were the chief recipients of these works of art, and it is to their kindness that this volume owes not only its *raison d'être*, but its value in the eyes of collectors of rare and dainty pen-and-ink sketches.



"THE LITTLE FRUIT-SELLER."—BY M. WUNSCH.

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"BOLTED!"—A SCENE IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

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A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

There used to be a horrible custom in well-bred families of asking the simple-minded visitor to write his inmost thoughts in a book of "confessions." One of the departments you were expected to enrich with the secret treasures of your soul was docketed "Your favourite author," and I have often marvelled at the unblushing perjury of the young women who would write "Shakspeare," and then face mankind without a tremor. But if anyone were to ask me now to make an entry in this register of futile pretences, there is one name I could indite with the most excellent conscience. After patient search and vigil long, I have at last found my favourite author. His respected name is Hissey. I admit it is not one of those names which Fame has trumpeted through the world, and possibly Mr. Hissey's charm for me may be invisible to others. But a man who commits to print emotions and ideas which are common property, and does this with the genuine belief that he is imparting news to the public, is the writer of writers for my money.

Mr. Hissey's volume is called "Across England in a Dog-Cart" (Richard Bentley and Son). It was a brand-new dog-cart, specially made for the journey, and drawn by a spanking pair of horses—none of your hired hacks, but the rattling thoroughbreds of a connoisseur of horse-flesh. Now, what captivated me at once was Mr. Hissey's description of his drive as "a wandering Bohemian kind of existence," without any restraints or conventionalities; a regular gipsy-like jaunt, with a groom behind, and a perfectly unfettered choice of the best inns. This view of a Bohemian life was distinctly fresh. It made me despise the bicyclist as a stuck-up effigy of respectability, who rushes everywhere with supercilious haste instead of humbly taking his ease behind a pair of horses and in a dog-cart specially constructed to carry an elegant lunch. But I had not yet discovered Mr. Hissey's real merit as an author. This is his capacity for embracing the obvious. He rushes up to it, so to speak, shakes it warmly by both hands, exclaiming, "How splendid you are! How enchanted I am to see you! I shall remember this meeting all my life! If I hadn't driven across England in a brand-new dog-cart I should never have made your charming acquaintance! I might even have gone abroad and never have known that love for the commonplace of his native land which ought to be the pride of every Englishman!" So Mr. Hissey lays on the patriotic commonplace through four hundred pages. He rhapsodises about ivy. "What would England be without the familiar ivy-plant? How fondly ivy clings to a building!" There is a whole page of these beautiful reflections. Nothing escapes Mr. Hissey. "How the gleam and sparkle of water enlivens a landscape!" How landscape-painters bring before us "the poetry and charms of the unsophisticated country!" How—no, I mean what—"What a joyous life of wild freedom is that of the seagull!" What a noble Englishman Hampden was, and how well he fills up a page, and how many hard things have been said of him by those whose names will be forgotten when his still lives! And when most authors are buried in oblivion, how the name of Hissey will cling fondly to the public mind like the ivy plant, keeping green the memory of every truism that Englishmen hold dear!

But one cannot talk about one's favourite author always, and with much reluctance I turn from Mr. Hissey with a sense of deep refreshment. I feel my nerves may get unstrung if I get among any startling surprises, and so I seek a little gentle monotony in Ouida. At first sight this may seem paradoxical. Ouida the wild, the passionate, who has poured the lava of volcanic romance over the Philistine Pompeii with more than Vesuvian energy—Ouida gently monotonous! But the flow of lava has been so regular for many years that you get quite accustomed to it, and sit tranquilly in your arm-chair while the molten sea of passion surges over you. Here is a volume of Ouida—"Santa Barbara; and Other Stories" (Chatto and Windus), and you can guess without racking your brains that the very first tale will be about a wicked artist who makes love to a woman of the people, grows tired of her, and drives her to suicide. Isn't there something of that kind in "Folle-Farine," "The Maremma," and a dozen more? So, in "Santa Barbara," comes the bad man again, and he paints a picture of the Venetian sailor's wife, during that gentleman's absence at sea, and he worries of her, and she drowns herself in the Grand Canal. Ouida has a very low opinion of man, and, as a rule, a much lower opinion of woman, and a headlong power of words without ideas, like Mr. Swinburne, and a perfectly ferocious love of animals. Of course there are dogs in this book, and they are very favourably compared with men, and there is the usual suggestion that to be a four-footed brute is a nobler thing than to walk wickedly through the world on two legs. The familiar philosophy, and the familiar loves and hates, and the familiar animalism which reigns in Ouida's universe, and the familiar vocabulary which dances and swoons and languishes like a Bacchante with her mouth full of red currants—all this familiarity, I say, makes a gentle monotony out of these inflammatory materials. Another book of what I may call the siesta type is Mr. Oscar Wilde's "Home of Pomegranates" (Osgood, McIlvaine)—four placid fairy tales, which remind you restfully of Miss Olive Schreiner's dreams. You fall into an agreeable state of spiritual somnolence by simply looking at the pictures. They are very dreamful indeed, for the best of them are almost invisible, and when you have gazed a little while, you go to sleep and fancy you are Mr. Wilde's fisherman, who woos a mermaid.

But presently you want something wakeful, and old association teaches me that the name of Rhoda Broughton generally means a regular eye-opener. "A Widower Indeed" (Osgood, McIlvaine) has a very promising beginning. An Oxford man who is bursar of his college is a good subject. Professors we have had in profusion, but a bursar is new, especially a bursar who is described as "a real lamb" by a lady from Georgia, a genuine magnet, though she does not handle a billiard-cue. The Georgian means business, for she is always laying flowers on the bursar's first wife's grave and giving his children chocolate. All of a sudden the story goes off at a tangent and ends in lunacy, and I can only suppose that, as Miss Broughton has written the book with Miss Bisland, they have studied not wisely but too well "the art and mystery of collaboration" as illustrated by Mr. Brander Matthews in the tales which he calls "With My Friends" (Longmans). These productions show how successfully two heads may exclude from a story every human quality which one might have put into it. Mr. Matthews has collaborated with two or three men who have a distinct individuality which is quite absent from these mechanical inventions. Mr. Austey, for instance, whose ingenious fancy may be sought in vain in the story associated with his name, may fairly exclaim, "I fear thee, thou Ancient Collaborator, I fear thy skinny hand!" L. F. A.

MR. J. M. BARRIE'S "LITTLE MINISTER."

BY ANDREW LANG.

The most unfair thing you can do is to read a novel for the purpose of reviewing it. To review it without reading it gives it a much better chance. For my part, I would fain never criticise any book, especially any novel, which I had not first read for pleasure. The mind, in such reading, is untroubled by questions as to the author's art and so on, because you are either too interested to be critical, or you are so bored that you toss the volume away.

However "The Little Minister,"* by Mr. Barrie, has come to be deliberately spied on and criticised. The sum of the impressions which it makes on me may be briefly stated. It is a novel full of happy traits of Scotch character; it contains some touching scenes—the love between the Little Minister and his mother—the old woman going to the poor-house—the loyal small child of the drunken weaver; the landscapes are deftly touched. But, when it comes to the story, my power of credulity, which is huge, is staggered, and declines to do its office. Miss Edgeworth remarks, in one of her letters, that a novelist says, "Grant me an improbability, and I will tell you a story worth reading." It is a perfectly fair bargain, especially if the improbability be a strenuous one, the supernatural, or the like. But Mr. Barrie's improbability is never absent from my mind for a moment, perhaps because I knew I was going to review the book.

There was an elderly earl who picked up a gipsy child that had fallen out of a cart. He educated the child, and, intending to marry her, carried her to his place, Spittal, near a terribly gossiping little town called Thrums. As a riot among weavers was expected, the young lady, in red and green, and wearing a diamond ring, masqueraded as a gipsy, for the purpose of helping the populace. She met the Little Minister, an Auld Licht clergyman below the middle height, and only aged twenty-one. Nobody in the gossiping town knew that the Egyptian woman was the old earl's chosen bride. She and the Little Minister loved each other, and were married by gipsy rites,



MR. J. M. BARRIE.

over tongs, in a thunderstorm. The congregation was up in arms, but when the minister saved the earl's life in a flood all were reconciled, and the fair will-o'-the-wisp settled down to be an Auld Licht minister's wife for the rest of her days. I "cannot see her in the part." She is quite one of the most pleasing young minxes in fiction, but no man who reads the book will forgive her for wedding a Little Minister, Auld Licht or not. The said Auld Lichts are apparently a more or less differentiated sport or variety of Antiburghers, the sect to which Mr. McCaulish in "Guy Mannering" belonged. They appear to have split off the parent stem in 1806. Their views on Establishments—but this has nothing to do with the matter in hand.

The plot of Mr. Barrie's tale, then, seems to me morally improbable—if not impossible—in the highest degree. I especially disbelieve in Lord Rintoul. Earls are not so silly and so isolated from common humanity as Mr. Barrie's earl. After all, they are our fellow-creatures. The strength of the book lies in vigilant reporting of the humours in a very highly specialised society like that of Auld Licht Thrums. Among these humours, the clash and claver about the minister, Mr. Barrie throws most incongruous elements. There is a patrician of pasteboard. There is a minister who lets himself be married over the tongs by a gipsy in a thunderstorm, apparently a valid Scotch marriage, but then the tongs are quite unessential. Declaration of marriage before witnesses, with other matters known to the law, is sufficient. Still more incongruous in Thrums is the heroine, a kind of Finella or Mignon. Now she behaves like Meg Merrilies in her youth, now like a very frisky girl of this period in society. The question, of course, is whether the romance, such as it is, does not clash with the quiet setting of weavers' life. To me it does seem to clash, and to destroy the sense of reality, the capacity for believing in the narrative. But happy people who do not need to stop and reflect and ask themselves disagreeable questions may enjoy the narrative with no difficulty. What I

can enjoy in it I have mentioned: Margaret, the minister's mother; old Nanny, so averse to being "on the rates"; the delightful boy, Micah Dow, who is as true to nature as Lord Rintoul is to the *Family Herald*. The heroine, too, has infinite variety and much charm, but she need not talk to Lord Rintoul like Nora, when emancipated, to her husband in the "Doll's House." Emancipation had not come in like a lion at the date of the story. Many of the subordinate characters are excellent, and we see very little of the oppressive humorist. There exists a book called "The Montrose Humorists." He should be shut up in it. The picture of a Dissenting minister's life, of the microscopic eyes on him, of the tattling devotees, of the aversion to paraphrases (expressed by the minister when he expects instant death), is all as good as it can be, and possibly true, certainly entertaining.

A "brither Scot" is sure to fall foul of Mr. Barrie's Scotch. About 1848 did Thrums weavers talk of being "in form" at curling and other games? If so, Thrums was more advanced in sporting slang than the Border by some twenty years. There are some words, like "feikie" ("fashionless"), which are new to Lowland ears. I doubt if a Scotch woman in the rank of one of the speakers would have said "It was a terrible scene." Probably "It was an awfu' sicht" would have been the phrase. But it may be different north of the Frith of Tay and south of Dornoch Frith.

It is an extremely proud feat for Mr. Barrie to have brought Scotch novels again into vogue, and that with no witchery of romance, for the romance of the gipsy girl is rather a drawback to the book than an additional charm. How the ladies who cannot understand Cuddie Headrigg (bless him!) understand Micah Dow I know not. But Mr. Barrie manages, as a rule, to let his narrator "win to his English"—like Elspeth of the Burnfoot—and so the people whom Cuddie puzzles can make smooth sailing. So we leave the book, convinced that much of it will be enjoyed by most people who read it in a human sort of way, not wondering whether rowan berries are in when beech-trees are bare. Such thoughts of anise and cummin are the trouble of the miserable reviewer.

CAIRO TO-DAY.

In Cairo. By W. Morton Fullerton. (Macmillan and Co.)—Into a few pages Mr. Fullerton has contrived with considerable skill to crowd many impressions of the Egyptian capital. He has an eye for colour, and, what is still more important, for the fine gradations of colour; so that this little book leaves on the mind a number of clearly defined pictures of Egyptian life. Mr. Fullerton is struck by the English predominance on the surface of things in Cairo. The donkey-boys learn English by repeating to one another the unintelligible phrases they have picked up from the last customer. M. Gabriel Charnes, in his essays on Egypt, says, with characteristic sentiment, that where the donkey-boys used to say "Bon jour" they now say "Good day." Mr. Fullerton does not think it is pathetic to find these urchins jabbering the particular European tongue that happens to be master; but he has a kind of pity for the Britishers who are in possession. They think they hold Egypt in the hollow of their hands, and that they can settle its problems, though Mr. Fullerton can see clearly that while the Egyptian is "fast adapting himself to English ways," it is "only, as the latter will find later on, to remake his conqueror, and to gain that dominance which seems to be in history his eternal right." We may remark that it is very remote history, but Mr. Fullerton's speculation is so interesting that we are sorry he has been content to leave it in tantalising outline. In what sense is the Egyptian likely to "remake his conqueror"? Are we to see Egyptian authorities at the British Museum who will show curious visitors the mummies of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone? Will the City Temple be occupied by howling dervishes, whose performances will obliterate the traditions of Dr. Parker's sobriety and self-restraint? Will Tommy Atkins wear a fez, and will the muezzin be heard from the minarets of Buckingham Palace? Mr. Fullerton leaves us to burst in ignorance, and passes on to the peculiarities of the Cairo donkeys: "They always have an air of amiability, and sometimes even an appearance of a dapper alertness of mind." But despite his quick observation of the superficial aspects of Egyptian life, Mr. Fullerton is always conscious of the underlying note of mysterious destiny. Egypt is "the real Circe of history," though Mr. Fullerton does not say that the bondholders are the swine. The land enchants him with its "clairvoyance and its insight." He is full of "its clear and eternal elements of charm," and he pities the "unhappy West," which, driven from "the Egyptian starlight and the Eastern sun, would seem to be losing for ever the mystery, the warmth, and the allurements of its faith." Meanwhile, British officials keep order in this mystical country, probably with a conviction that Cairo will not have altered essentially in the smallest degree ages after the donkey-boys have forgotten how to say "Good-bye!"

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "A Summer Night, and Other Poems," by Graham R. Tomson. (Methuen and Co.)
- "On the Stage and Off," by Jerome K. Jerome. (Leadenhall Press, 50, Leadenhall Street.)
- "The Oxford Shakespeare." Edited with a Glossary by W. J. Craig. (Clarendon Press.)
- "Dark Days in Chile. An Account of the Revolution of 1891," by Maurice H. Hervey. (Edward Arnold.)
- "Events in the Taiping Rebellion: Being Reprints of MSS. copied by General Gordon in his own Handwriting," by A. Egmont Hake. (W. H. Allen and Co.)
- "Leaves from the Log of a Gentleman Gipsy. In Wayside, Camp, and Caravan," by Gordon Stables. (Jarrold and Sons.)
- "Letters of Field-Marshal Count von Moltke to His Mother and His Brothers." Translated by Clara Bell and Henry W. Fischer. Two vols. (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.)
- "Foxhound, Forest, and Prairie." By Captain Pennell-Elmhurst. (Routledge.)
- "Beast and Man in India." By John Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E. (Macmillan.)
- "The Holy Land and the Bible." A Book of Scripture Illustrations gathered in Palestine by Cunningham Geikie, D.D. (Cassell.)
- "Ben Hur: A Tale of the Christ," by Lew. Wallace. The Garfield Edition. Two vols. (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.)
- "The Life of an Actor," by Pierce Egan. (Pickering and Chatto.)
- "Venetian Life," by W. Dean Howells. Two vols. (Longmans.)
- "Leslie's Fate" and "Hilda," by Andrew Haggard. (J. W. Arrowsmith. Bristol.)
- "John Leech: His Life and Works," by W. P. Frith, R.A. Two vols. (Bentley.)

* *The Little Minister.* By J. M. Barrie. (Cassell and Co., London, 1891.)



"THE NEW GIRL."—BY G. A. STOREY, A.R.A.

"Yes; I am very happy. I like the school; they're most kind. And isn't this a pretty dress?"



THE LATE LORD LYTTON, C.C.B.

The sudden death of Lord Lytton, the English Ambassador at Paris, from failure of the heart's action, makes politics and literature the poorer by the loss of a personality distinguished in both, and associated through his father with a still more illustrious past. Lord Lytton was born on Nov. 8, 1831, so that at his death he had only passed sixty by a few days. His father, Mr. Edward Bulwer Lytton, afterwards Lord Lytton, poet, novelist, dramatist, and politician, trained him for a diplomatic career, for which he was largely prepared at Bonn. He made his entry into the service at Washington when he was eighteen, and became in turn Attaché at Florence, Paris, St. Petersburg, and in nearly all the capitals of Europe. The earlier part of his career, however, was more noteworthy for its literary than its political achievements. Under the name of "Owen Meredith," young Mr. Lytton for over thirty years poured out a stream of graceful, tuneful, and at times passionate and inspiring verse. His best-known work is, perhaps, the vigorous and finely coloured "Lucile," which is to-day the most popular narrative poem in America,

though in England the want of a cheap edition somewhat interfered with its vogue. In 1864 began his long and happy union with Edith, niece of the late Lord Clarendon, and second daughter of the Hon. Edward Villiers. He succeeded in 1873 to his father's title of Baron Lytton. His somewhat unexpected appointment to the Viceroyalty of India in 1876 was thoroughly congenial to him, and he played his part with a certain sense of colour and fondness for display, which contrasted picturesquely with the more sober traditions of Anglo-Indian government. He initiated a series of splendid pageants, culminating in a great durbar at Delhi, on Jan. 1, 1877, to which all the notabilities of India were invited, and at which the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India. The Afghan war of 1878 and the treaty of Gundamuk, which was unhappily followed by the massacre of Sir Louis Cavagnari at Cabul, were incidents of his viceroyalty. The fall of Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry led to Lord Lytton's retirement, and for some years he was unemployed. In 1887, however, he was appointed Ambassador at Paris in succession to Lord Lyons. His residence at Paris was an unqualified success.

His literary genius and his social tastes were both largely French, and his highly polished manners, intimate acquaintance with the French language and literature, and his essentially Gallic spirit made him, perhaps, the most successful French Ambassador of his century. His novel "The Ring of Amasis" was translated into French, and some of his work may be said to have achieved a greater popularity in the French capital than in his own country. He did excellent service to England during the French Exhibition and in regard to the difficult diplomatic questions which have arisen with France during the last five years. His fine social qualities and those of his wife are a serious loss to the Diplomatic Service, a loss that is emphasised by the outburst of genuine sorrow over his death which has arisen from French statesmen, leaders of society, and the Press. Lord Lytton leaves a widow and a young family, his eldest son, Viscount Knebworth, who succeeds to the earldom, awarded to his father by Lord Beaconsfield, being born in 1876. Lord Lytton was a man of distinguished presence, of great conversational powers, and of singular personal charm.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The sudden death of Bishop Harvey Goodwin, which took place at York on Nov. 25, will be much regretted. Dr. Goodwin was in his early days a famous mathematician, and many have bitter memories of his text-books on dynamics and other subjects. He was a friend of Robert Leslie Ellis, whose bright gifts are not forgotten. As a theologian he struck early on a subject much written on since—the divinity of Christ proved through His humanity—and worked at it with some real freshness and originality; but he did little to follow up this success. A good administrator, a safe man, a very fair preacher, and justly held in respect for his scientific attainments, he worked out his career honourably, and was widely esteemed. He was at least once prominently named for the Archbishopric of York.

The second Liverpool census, enumerating the Sunday evening attendance, shows a more encouraging state of things than the first. The Church has increased 23 per cent., Nonconformity 7½ per cent. Perhaps not the least notable feature of the census is the decline and practical non-existence of the Salvation Army, in spite of the enormous cost of its operations. The Army has made no attempt at explaining a state of things which must seriously damage it in public estimation.

I have good authority for saying that the Archbishop of Dublin is very strongly supported by Irish Churchmen in his action towards the Spanish Reformers. The laity and the great majority of the clergy are enthusiastic on his side, and resent bitterly the interference of the Church of England.

Mr. Spurgeon writes despondently of his state of health. At first he was jubilant at accomplishing the change to Mentone, but medical opinion there, as here, is that, while acute symptoms have abated, the chronic trouble has not been affected.

There is likely to be more commotion about the Congregational secretariat—a paltry affair for so much fuss. The committee went the length of offering the position to one of the gentlemen named in my last "Notes"—Mr. G. S. Barrett, of Norwich. It was expected they would refer the matter to the Union, as legally they have no power to make any appointment beyond the present year, and notice has been given that, if the election be carried out, a motion will be made and pressed to the vote next year that it be rescinded.

Mr. Balfour's first appointment as First Lord of the Treasury is the presentation to the Rev. C. Musgrave Brown of the incumbency of St. Albans, Liverpool. Mr. Brown was formerly, I believe, a member of the Salvation Army.

All readers of George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life" will be interested to hear that the living of Nuneaton is vacant by the resignation of Canon Bellairs.

The Rev. S. J. Stone, author of "The Church's One Foundation," is preparing a new volume of poems. V.

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CHESS.

Mrs W. J. BARR.—We quite approve of your plan, and shall be pleased to give our solvers a taste of the variety you offer.

Dr F. STR.—The revised version is certainly an improvement on the original.

R. L. O'B. (Hampstead).—We know of nothing nearer than the Athenaeum Chess Club, Camden Road, which meets on Wednesday and Saturday evenings. The tram will take you past the door.

RONALD KELLY (Edgware Road).—Your notice came too late for insertion last week, but we refer to the matter below.

A. H. B. (London, Canada).—The problem you send is very pretty, but surely it has been already published.

J. W. S. (Montreal).—Thanks for information. We shall be glad to have some of the good games for publication.

Z. INGOLD.—We are much obliged for your card, but Mr. Kelly's problem unfortunately does not admit of a solution.

J. E. DEVAS (London Institution).—We cannot lay our hands on the position at the moment, but will refer to it later.

J. BENAGRA (Graz).—We insert a notice with pleasure, and will write you shortly.

J. BENJAMIN (Homburg).—Thanks. The other game we thought rather too weak.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2480 received from F. A. Hill (St. Paul, Minn.); of No. 2481 from J. W. Shaw (Montreal), F. A. Hill, and James Clark (Chester); of No. 2482 from Lewis Kerekes and J. Ehrlich (Budapest); of No. 2483 from L. Schlu (Vienna), E. H. Whinfield, Rev. J. Gaskin (Boulogne), J. H. Tamisier (Heppell), L. Kerekes, J. Ehrlich, and Admiral Brandreth; of No. 2484 from James Clark, S. Bilhain (Bilbao), R. H. Clench (Hammersmith), A. H. B. Nettle Gales, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), W. E. Nickerson, P. H. Robinson (Spalding), L. Kerekes, J. Ehrlich, Rev. J. Gaskin, and J. H. Tamisier.

NOTE.—Problem No. 2483 cannot be solved in the stipulated number of moves. The following have sent the author's solution: J. D. Tucker (Leeds), L. Desanges (Rome), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Bluet, Charles Burnett, W. R. Rallem, J. Coad, E. Louden, Martin P. D. McCoy (Galway), T. Roberts, B. D. Knox, Shadforth, Dane John, H. S. Brandreth, A. Newman, H. B. Hurford, R. Worters (Canterbury), Dr F. St. W. Wright, and Alphi.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2483.—By H. E. KIDSON.

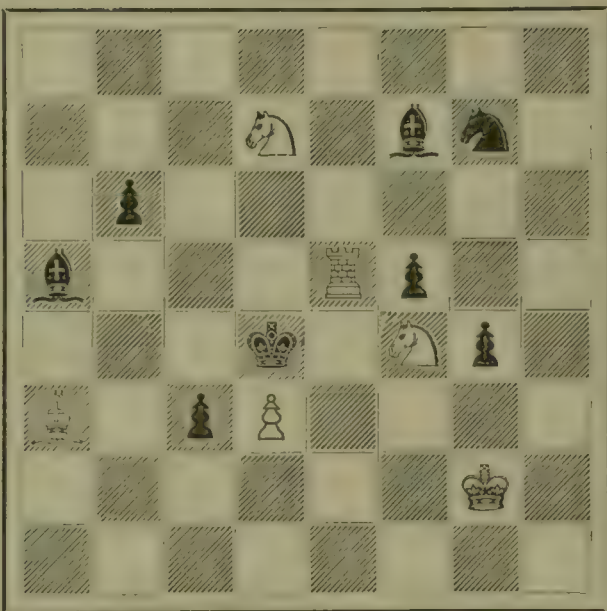
WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to B 6th. Kt to Kt sq
2. Q takes P (ch). K takes Q
3. Kt takes B. Mate.

If Black play 1. Kt to Kt 5th, 2. Kt takes B (ch), &c.; if 1. K to K B 4th, P to K 4th (ch), K moves; 3. Q mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2487.

By H. F. L. MEYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament at the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. HEPPELL and MORIAU.

(King's Bishop's Gambit.)

| WHITE (Mr. Heppell.) | BLACK (Mr. Moriau.) | WHITE (Mr. Heppell.) | BLACK (Mr. Moriau.) |
|---|------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 19. K to B 2nd | P takes Q B P |
| 2. P to K B 4th | P takes P | 20. B takes Q B P | Castles |
| 3. B to B 4th | Q to R 5th (ch) | 21. P takes P | P takes P |
| 4. K to B sq | P to Q 4th | 22. B to Q 2nd | |
| We believe this to be the best continuation. Many authorities give P to K Kt 4th as once, while Mr. Bird is of opinion that P to Q 3rd is best here, delaying P to K Kt 4th until it becomes necessary to defend the gambit Pawn. | | | |
| 5. B takes P | P to K Kt 4th | 23. B takes Kt | Kt takes Q P |
| 6. Kt to Q B 3rd | P to Q B 3rd | 24. Q R to K Kt sq | R takes B |
| 7. Kt to K B 3rd | Q to R 4th | 25. Kt takes P | R to Q 6th |
| 8. B to Kt 3rd | B to Kt 2nd | 26. K to K sq | R takes P (ch) |
| 9. P to Q 4th | Kt to K 2nd | 27. R takes P | Q to R 3rd |
| 10. P to K R 4th | P to K R 3rd | Kt takes Q P | |
| 11. Kt to K 2nd | B to Kt 5th | R takes B | |
| 12. Q to Q 3rd | Kt to Q 2nd | R to Q 6th | |
| 13. K to Kt 3rd | Q to Kt 3rd | R takes P (ch) | |
| 14. P to B 3rd | R to Q sq | Q to R 3rd | |
| An excellent move, forcing the Queen back, as Kt to K 4th is threatened. | | | |
| 15. Q to B 2nd | P to Q B 4th | R takes Kt | |
| 16. P to Q 5th | P to Q Kt 4th | Kt to Kt (ch) | |
| This is all well played. Black, having arrested his opponent's attack, now begins one on his own account. | | | |
| 17. P to Q B 4th | B takes Kt | Kt takes B | |
| 18. P takes B | Kt to K 4th | B to B 5th | |
| Tempting White to play P to K Kt 3rd, when he would have given up the Bishop for two Pawns, with an excellent game. | | | |
| 17. Q to K 2nd | B to Kt 5th | Kt takes B | |
| 18. Kt to B 3rd | Kt to Q 4th | B to B 5th | |
| 19. Kt to K 4th | Q R to K sq | Kt takes B | |
| 20. Q Kt to Q 2nd | P to K 4th | Kt takes K P | |
| A decisive move. White has no resource, and his game is lost. | | | |
| 21. P takes P | R takes P | Kt takes P | |
| 22. B to K 4th | P to K B 4th | R takes Kt (ch) | |
| 23. R to R 4th | B takes Kt | R takes B | |
| 24. K takes B | White resigns. | | |

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Game played between Mr. MEIKLE and our old correspondent "DELTA." (Centre Gambit.)

| WHITE (Mr. M.) | BLACK (Delta.) | WHITE (Mr. M.) | BLACK (Delta.) |
|------------------|----------------|---|-----------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to Q 4th | A bad capture, that only allows the Q Kt to come into play. | |
| 2. P takes P | Q takes P | 15. Kt takes B | |
| 3. Kt to Q B 3rd | Q to Q sq | 16. B to Q 3rd | B to B 5th |
| 4. P to Q 4th | B to B 4th | Tempting White to play P to K Kt 3rd, when he would have given up the Bishop for two Pawns, with an excellent game. | |
| 5. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to K B 3rd | 17. Q to K 2nd | B to Kt 5th |
| 6. B to K 3rd | P to K 3rd | 18. Kt to B 3rd | Kt to Q 4th |
| 7. P to Q R 3rd | B to Q 3rd | 19. Kt to K 4th | Q R to K sq |
| 8. B to K 2nd | Castles | 20. Q Kt to Q 2nd | P to K 4th |
| 9. B to Q 2nd | | A decisive move. White has no resource, and his game is lost. | |
| 10. P to K R 4th | P to Q Kt 4th | 21. P takes P | R takes P |
| 11. P to R 5th | P to Q R 4th | 22. B to K 4th | P to K B 4th |
| 12. P to R 6th | P to Kt 3rd | 23. R to R 4th | B takes Kt (ch) |
| 13. B to Kt 5th | Q Kt to Q 2nd | 24. K takes B | R takes B |
| 14. Kt to R 4th | Q to B 2nd | White resigns. | |
| 15. B takes Kt | | | |

Mr. J. Berger, the eminent problem composer and analyst, is engaged in editing a chess annual, to be published by Messrs. Veit and Co., of Leipzig. With a view to its completeness, the editor invites all chess masters, composers, authors, and editors to supply biographical details, or any specialties of their respective work. Address, J. Berger, Brockmangasse 44, Graz, Styria, Austria.

The *Scholastic Globe*, a new weekly journal devoted to the cause of education, announces a chess column under the competent editorship of the Rev. A. B. Skipworth. Prizes will be offered for problems, solutions, and end-games.

A chess club is being formed at 2, Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square, W., where the names of amateurs in the neighbourhood wishing to join can be received.

The City of London Chess Club tournament continues to make good progress, and the rooms on the nights of play are as crowded as ever. In the contest for the championship, Messrs. Mocatta, Woon, Peachey, Taylor, and Pagan are leading in the Monday section; Messrs. Ward-Higgs, Moriau, Ingoldsby, Jacobs, and Curmeck in the Wednesday section; while Messrs. Gibbons, Vyse, Manlove, Block, and Hooke are in the van in the Friday section. On Jan. 4 a handicap tournament, on the Block system, will be commenced. New members who were too late for the last tournament will be in time for this one.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A correspondent, who has been reading the accounts of the illness of Prince George of Wales, asks me if I can throw any light upon the statement recently made in the newspapers that the Prince received the germ of typhoid fever from some oysters whereof he had partaken in Dublin. My reply to this query is that I know nothing of the relations of the typhoid microbe to oysters, but that I strongly suspect the statement in question is founded upon some misapprehension of what typhoid fever is, and of the usual circumstances under which its microbe flourishes and grows. The typhoid bacillus finds its special soil in decomposing sewage matter. The fever is emphatically a filth-disease, just as typhus (long confused with typhoid) is essentially a disease which follows like a Nemesis on the footsteps of those who overcrowd and who do not ventilate their dwellings. We may obtain typhoid infection from sewer-gases which, through defective drainage, are allowed to gain access to our houses; though the more usual mode of infection is that by drinking water which has become contaminated by sewage, or by taking milk (similarly polluted) either through mixture with such germ-laden water, or through this water having been used to wash the dairyman's utensils. I can quite conceive the possibility of oysters conveying the typhoid bacillus if they have been kept alive in water which has been contaminated, ever so slightly, by sewage matter to which typhoid germs have gained access. This is what the report to which my correspondent alludes evidently implies. There is no danger in eating oysters, otherwise half the population might be infected; and I should imagine that every careful oyster-merchant sees to it that the water in which his natives are preserved alive, is of pure quality. In this respect, the oyster-merchant stands on the same platform as the dairyman. Neither milk nor oysters are naturally breeding-grounds for typhoid germs, but it is perfectly possible, by introducing polluted water to either commodity, to cause them to become the source of infection.

One curious feature about typhoid fever is its autumnal vitality. It is the "fall" fever of the Americans. Each fever has its particular season for high development, and typhoid, from one cause or another, chooses the end of the year for its maximum. A medical authority tabulating the times of typhoid increase, tells us that since 1872 this fever has fallen to the minimum (in so far as London is concerned) three times each in March and April, five times in May, seven times in June, and once in July. It has had its greatest development once in September, eleven times in October, six times in November, and once in December during the period named. Thus, while we lessen the number of cases by attention to our drainage and by preventing our water supply from contamination by sewage, we cannot modify or alter the seasonal conditions which operate to produce the increase of typhoid fever at the year's end. It is also pointed out that the incubation period (or that between the reception of the germs and the fever's appearance) averages in typhoid about fourteen days. Hence if the seasonal outbreak occurs in October, it is probable infection mostly occurs about the last weeks of September. We may never be able exactly to exterminate this modern plague, as we have practically abolished cholera from our midst; but we should learn from Prince George's illness the renewed lesson that such diseases are largely preventable. "If preventable, then why not prevented?" asked his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at the opening of the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography in St. James's Hall, in August last. Hygiene replies, "Because the people have not yet been taught fully to realise that they can help themselves, if they only will, by securing a pure water supply everywhere, and by ensuring that drainage is as perfect as it can be made."

It was much to be regretted that the recent eclipse of the moon was not so thoroughly and clearly observed by astronomers as they could have wished. Yet one may hope that the scientific results attained on that occasion may prove in some degree commensurate with the trouble taken and preparations made to secure correct observations. Jupiter's satellites have also been attracting attention of late days in astronomical quarters, and we may hope in due season to hear something definite from authority regarding the unusual appearance presented by at least one of the moons of that planet. One observer, speaking of the late eclipse, remarks that the darkness and absence of colour of the shaded part of our satellite was even more marked than in the eclipse of Oct. 4, 1881, this result having been then credited to an unusual density of our atmosphere. This condition, it is held, seems to be still present, in so far as local observation showed the observer, who watched the eclipse from Southampton.

Many of the readers of these "Jottings" are, doubtless, amateur photographers, and everyone knows that the practice of that art by amateurs has reached a very high degree of excellence. It may prove interesting, therefore, to many devotees of the camera, if I suggest to them how they may be able to aid scientific research in no slight measure while they are enjoying the delights of transferring the beauties of nature to their albums. In 1889 a committee of the British Association was formed for the encouragement of photographic work in connection with geology. This committee was charged with the collection, preservation, registration, and arrangement of photographs of all kinds of geological subjects in the United Kingdom. Up to last August, 588 photographs had been received by the committee, which reported that there is a vast amount of work to be accomplished in the delineation of many scenes of surpassing geological interest in our islands.

What are wanted are photographs of new sections and exposures of rock strata, boulders, raised beaches, ancient sea-cliffs and sea-caves, river terraces, evidences of glacier-work, quarries, with fossil trees, and the like. In almost every town of any size nowadays, a local scientific society exists, and if amateur photographers are not themselves geologists enough to know what to delineate, they can easily obtain information from such a source as that indicated; while there is always a court of appeal to be found in the secretary of the committee above noted, Mr. Osmund W. Jeffs, 12, Queen's Road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire, from whom copies of a code of instructions may be obtained. Many persons, I know, are eager to assist in scientific work if only they can be shown how; and to amateur photographers this scheme for presenting scientists with accurate pictures of subjects geologically interesting, should commend itself in no slight degree. Already in Hertfordshire, in East Kent, and in Yorkshire, photography is at work in the cause of science. It should surely prove gratifying to amateur photographers to know that in place of many an aimless piece of work, they have it in their power to produce results of the highest value to science, in laying before geologists accurate illustrations of the great phenomena of nature and of those actions which have sculptured and chiselled the surface of our earth into the diverse scenery which meets our eyes to-day.

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|---|----------|---|---|---------------------------------------|--|
| 1. Natural, or Val de Peñas .. | 18/- | £6 0 | £11 0 | £20 10 | £41 |
| 2. Pale Sherry .. | 20/- | 6 5 | 12 0 | 23 10 | 46 |
| 3. Old Pale Sherry .. | 21/- | 7 10 | 14 10 | 28 0 | 55 |
| 4. " Golden Sherry .. | 24/- | 7 10 | 14 10 | 28 0 | 55 |
| 5. " Pale Dry Sherry .. | 30/- | 9 10 | 18 10 | 36 0 | 70 |
| 6. " Golden Sherry .. | 30/- | 9 10 | 18 10 | 36 0 | 70 |
| 7. " Brown Sherry .. | 30/- | 9 10 | 18 10 | 36 0 | 70 |
| 8. Vino de Panto (Mess Wine) .. | 36/- | 11 5 | 22 0 | 43 0 | 84 |
| 9. Old-Fashioned Gold Sherry .. | 36/- | 11 5 | 22 0 | 43 0 | 84 |
| 10. Old Sherry .. | 42/- | 13 5 | 25 10 | 50 0 | 98 |
| 11. Fine Old Dry Sherry .. | 42/- | 13 5 | 25 10 | 50 0 | 98 |
| 12. " Golden Sherry .. | 42/- | 13 5 | 25 10 | 50 0 | 98 |
| 13. " Brown Sherry .. | 42/- | 13 5 | 25 10 | 50 0 | 98 |
| 14. " Natural (recommended for Invalids) .. | 42/- | 13 5 | 25 10 | 50 0 | 98 |
| 15. Superior Old Pale Dry .. | 48/- | 15 0 | 29 0 | 57 0 | 112 |
| 16. " East India, Golden (Shipped round the World) .. | 48/- | 15 0 | 29 0 | 57 0 | 112 |
| 17. " Brown .. | 48/- | 15 0 | 29 0 | 57 0 | 112 |
| 18. " Amontillado (Club) .. | 48/- | 15 0 | 29 0 | 57 0 | 112 |
| 19. Choice Delicate Amontillado .. | 54/- | 17 10 | 32 0 | 65 0 | 124 |
| 20. Very Superior Amontillado .. | 60/- | 18 15 | 36 10 | 69 0 | 136 |
| 21. Extra Superior Old Amontillado Fino (as supplied to H.M. the Queen of Spain) .. | 72/- | 22 10 | 44 0 | 85 0 | 168 |
| 22. Choicest Old Amontillado .. | 84/- | 26 0 | 50 0 | 96 0 | 190 |
| 23. Manzanilla, Light .. | 36/- | 11 5 | 22 0 | 43 0 | 84 |
| 24. Manzanilla .. | 42/- | 13 5 | 25 10 | 50 0 | 98 |
| 25. Superior Old Manzanilla .. | 48/- | 15 0 | 29 0 | 57 0 | 112 |

SHERRY (continued).

| | Per Doz. | Per Octave, 13 Galls., or 6 Doz. 9 Botts. | Per Or. Cask, 27 Galls., or 13 Doz. | Per Hhd., 51 Galls., or 27 Doz. | Per Butt, 108 Galls., or 54 Doz. |
|---|----------|---|---|---------------------------------------|--|
| 26. Very Superior Manzanilla .. | 60/- | £18 15 | £36 10 | £69 0 | £136 |
| 27. Montilla .. | 42/- | 13 5 | 25 10 | 50 0 | 98 |
| 28. Superior Old Montilla .. | 48/- | 15 0 | 29 0 | 57 0 | 112 |
| 29. Very Superior Montilla .. | 60/- | 18 15 | 36 10 | 69 0 | 136 |
| 30. Choice Deep Golden Sherry .. | 54/- | 17 10 | 32 0 | 65 0 | 124 |
| 31. Very Superior Old Palo .. | 60/- | 18 15 | 36 10 | 69 0 | 136 |
| 32. " Brown .. | 60/- | 18 15 | 36 10 | 69 0 | 136 |
| 33. Extra Superior Old Brown East India Dessert (Shipped round the World, ex "Star of Albion") .. | 72/- | 22 10 | 44 0 | 85 0 | 168 |
| 34. Extra Superior Oloroso .. | 72/- | 22 10 | 44 0 | 85 0 | 168 |
| 35. " Amoro .. | 72/- | 22 10 | 44 0 | 85 0 | 168 |
| 36. Choicest Old Golden .. | 84/- | 26 0 | 50 0 | 96 0 | 190 |
| 37. " Bottled Amoro .. | 96/- | — | — | — | — |
| 38. " Oloroso .. | 96/- | — | — | — | — |
| 39. Old-Fashioned Golden .. | 120/- | — | — | — | — |
| 40. Fifty-years' Old Pale Sherry .. | 144/- | — | — | — | — |
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| 43. Very "Choice Old East India .. | 144/- | — | — | — | — |
| 44. Pedro Jimenez (a luscious Dessert Wine), many years in bottle .. | 84/- | — | — | — | — |
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|--|----------|---|---|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Port (from Wood) .. | 24/- | £7 10 | £14 10 | £28 | £55 |
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| 3. Tawny Port .. | 36/- | 11 5 | 22 0 | 43 | 84 |
| 4. Crusted Old Port .. | 42/- | 13 5 | 25 10 | 50 | 98 |
| 5. Dry Port .. | 42/- | 13 5 | 25 10 | 50 | 98 |
| 6. Old Fruity Port .. | 48/- | 15 0 | 29 0 | 57 | 112 |
| 7. " Dry Port .. | 48/- | 15 0 | 29 0 | 57 | 112 |
| 8. " Crusted Port .. | 54/- | 17 10 | 32 10 | 63 | 124 |
| 9. Dry Beezwing .. | 60/- | 18 15 | 36 10 | 69 | 136 |
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| 11. Old-Fashioned Port .. | 72/- | — | — | — | — |
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| 6. " .. | 48/- | 26/- | 48 |
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| 8. " .. | 42/- | 23/- | 42 |
| 9. Volnay .. | 48/- | 26/- | 48 |
| 10. " Older in Bottle .. | 60/- | 32/- | 60 |
| 11. Chambertin .. | 60/- | 32/- | 60 |
| 12. " .. | 72/- | 38/- | 72 |
| 13. " .. | 84/- | 44/- | 84 |
| 14. Côte Rôtie .. | 60/- | 32/- | 60 |
| 15. " .. | 72/- | 38/- | 72 |
| 16. " .. | 84/- | 44/- | 84 |
| 17. Corton .. | 60/- | 32/- | 60 |
| 18. " .. | 72/- | 38/- | 72 |
| 19. Nuits .. | 54/- | 29/- | 54 |
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| 22. " .. | 72/- | 38/- | 72 |
| 23. Richebourg .. | 72/- | 38/- | 72 |
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| 25. Clos-de-Vougeot .. | 84/- | 44/- | 84 |
| 26. " .. | 96/- | 50/- | 96 |
| 27. " 1868 Vintage .. | 120/- | — | — |
| 28. Hermitage .. | 60/- | 32/- | 60 |
| 29. " .. | 72/- | 38/- | 72 |
| 30. " .. | 84/- | 44/- | 84 |
| Vintages 1858, 1868, 1870, 1874, 1878, 1883. | | | |

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|------------------------------|------|------|---|
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| | | | |
|--|------|------|-----|
| 1. Chablis and Pouilly .. | 24/- | 11/- | £24 |
| 2. " .. | 30/- | 17/- | 30 |
| 3. " .. | 36/- | 20/- | 36 |
| 4. " .. | 42/- | 23/- | 42 |
| 5. Montrachet .. | 48/- | 26/- | 48 |
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|--|----------|---------------------------|---|
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| 3. " Older in Bottle .. | 20/- | 12/- | 20 |
| 4. St. Julien .. | 24/- | 17/- | 24 |
| 5. St. Estéphe .. | 24/- | 17/- | 24 |
| 6. St. Emilion .. | 30/- | 17/- | 30 |
| 7. St. Julien .. | 30/- | 17/- | 30 |
| 8. Superior St. Julien .. | 30/- | 20/- | 36 |
| 9. " St. Estéphe .. | 30/- | 20/- | 36 |
| 10. Pontet Canet .. | 42/- | 23/- | 42 |
| 11. Larose .. | 42/- | 23/- | 42 |
| 12. Château Citran .. | 42/- | 23/- | 42 |
| 13. Margaux .. | 48/- | 26/- | 48 |
| 14. Léoville .. | 48/- | 26/- | 48 |
| 15. Larose .. | 48/- | 26/- | 48 |
| 16. Château Meyney .. | 54/- | 29/- | 54 |
| 17. Léoville .. | 54/- | 29/- | 54 |
| 18. Latour .. | 60/- | 32/- | 60 |
| 19. Margaux .. | 60/- | 32/- | 60 |
| 20. Mouton .. | 60/- | 32/- | 60 |
| 21. Pontet Canet .. | 72/- | 38/- | 72 |
| 22. Château Langoa .. | 72/- | 38/- | 72 |
| 23. " Latour .. | 72/- | 38/- | 72 |
| 24. Léoville Lascazes .. | 72/- | 38/- | 72 |

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|----------------------------|---------------------------|------|-----|
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| 2. " Older in Bottle .. | 30/- | 17/- | 30 |
| 3. " .. | 36/- | 20/- | 36 |
| 4. Sauterne .. | 42/- | 23/- | 42 |
| 5. " Older in Bottle .. | 48/- | 26/- | 48 |
| 6. " .. | 42/- | 23/- | 42 |
| 7. Barsac .. | 54/- | 29/- | 54 |
| 8. " Older in Bottle .. | 72/- | 38/- | 72 |
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|---------------------------------|----------|---------------------------|----------------------|
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| Liebfraumilch .. | — | 72/- | 84/- |
| Marebrun .. | 60/- | 72/- | 84/- |
| Rhodesheim .. | — | 54/- | 60/- |
| Rhodesheim Berg .. | — | 72/- | 84/- |
| Scharlachberg .. | 54/- | 60/- | 72/- |
| Johannesberg and Steinberg .. | — | 72/- | 84/- |
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| Johannesberg Castle .. | — | — | — |
| Assmannshausen, a choice red .. | — | — | — |
| Hock .. | 48/- | 60/- | 72/- |
| Affenthaler .. | — | 48/- | 60/- |
| Stemmen in Boxbühl .. | — | 48/- | 60/- |
| Späthling Hock .. | — | 72/- | 84/- |

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| | Per Doz. | Per Doz. Half Bottles. | Per Doz. Magnums. |
|--|----------|---------------------------|----------------------|
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| Choice Old East India Madeira .. | — | 48/- | 60/- |
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| Ritch and Dry Lisbon .. | — | — | — |
| Ritch, or Dry Marsala .. | 20/- | 24/- | 30/- |
| Mountain and Malaga .. | — | — | — |
| Vilona, Tenerife, and Calcavella .. | — | — | — |
| Hungarian .. | — | 30/- | 36/- |
| Roussillon .. | — | 36/- | 42/- |
| Very Old Roussillon, 10 years in bottle .. | — | — | 60/- |
| Australian, Red and White .. | — | — | 30/- |
| Vermouth .. | — | — | 36/- |
| Lachryma Christi and Malvasia .. | — | — | 72/- |
| Tarragona and Catalan .. | — | 20/- | 24/- |
| Imperial Tokay, recommended for Invalids .. | 120/- | 144/- | — |
| Sack, Malmsey, Frontignan, Constantia, Lunel, Muscat-de-Rivesaltes, Rota Tent, Italian, and other Wines. | | | |

SPIRITS

| | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------|--------|----------------------|-------|----|------|----|------|----|------|----|----|
| Fine Old Pale Brandy | .. | .. | .. | 48/- | .. | 60/- | .. | 72/- | .. | 84/- | .. | .. |
| Champagne Brandy | .. | .. | .. | 84/- | .. | 96/- | .. | — | .. | — | .. | .. |
| Liqueur Brandy (30 years old) | .. | .. | .. | 120/- | .. | — | .. | — | .. | — | .. | .. |
| (1842) | .. | .. | .. | 210/- | .. | — | .. | — | .. | — | .. | .. |
| Brown Cognac | .. | .. | .. | 48/- | .. | 60/- | .. | 72/- | .. | 84/- | .. | .. |
| White Brandy | .. | .. | .. | 84/- | .. | — | .. | — | .. | — | .. | .. |
| Old Scotch Whisky, Glenlivet | and | .. | .. | 42/- | .. | 48/- | .. | 54/- | .. | 60/- | .. | 7 |
| Highland | .. | .. | .. | 42/- | .. | 48/- | .. | 54/- | .. | 60/- | .. | 7 |
| Old Irish Whisky | .. | .. | .. | — | .. | — | .. | — | .. | — | .. | .. |
| OLD Scotch and Irish Whisky in | 13-gallon | Casks, | £13, £14 10/-, £16 1 | 27 | .. | — | .. | — | .. | — | .. | .. |
| "American Bourbon Whisky | .. | .. | .. | 54/- | .. | — | .. | — | .. | — | .. | .. |
| " Rye | .. | .. | .. | 61/- | .. | — | .. | — | .. | — | .. | .. |
| " Rye | .. | .. | .. | 42/- | .. | 48/- | .. | 54/- | .. | 60/- | .. | .. |
| Jamaica Rum | .. | .. | .. | 60/- | .. | — | .. | — | .. | — | .. | .. |
| Choice Old White Rum | .. | .. | .. | 30/- | .. | 36/- | .. | — | .. | — | .. | .. |
| Sweet and Dry Gin | .. | .. | .. | 36/- | .. | 48/- | .. | — | .. | — | .. | .. |
| Schiedam Hollands | .. | .. | .. | 84/- | .. | — | .. | — | .. | — | .. | .. |
| Apricot Brandy | .. | .. | .. | 72/- | .. | — | .. | — | .. | — | .. | .. |
| Orange | .. | .. | .. | 60/- | .. | — | .. | — | .. | — | .. | .. |
| Ginger | .. | .. | .. | 72/- | .. | 84/- | .. | — | .. | — | .. | .. |
| Dautzie Cherry Brandy | .. | .. | .. | 72/- | .. | — | .. | — | .. | — | .. | .. |
| Copenhagen Cherry Brandy | .. | .. | .. | 72/- | .. | — | .. | — | .. | — | .. | .. |
| Spirits of Wine | .. | .. | .. | 66/- | .. | — | .. | — | .. | — | .. | .. |

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

The witty and kindly satirist's strictures on the society of his own time are sure of a favourable reception. We all like to see our neighbours' besetting faults, so annoying to ourselves, exposed and rebuked; while, when the satire is so sweeping that we cannot feel ourselves excluded from its range, we have a certain satisfaction even in maintaining that we are not so black as we are painted. Coarse and common abuse, indeed, misses its mark altogether; but criticism that is witty and vigorous at once is both amusing and improving. This is what Lady Violet Greville offers to us women in her new book, "The Gentlewoman in Society."

The title may suggest a work on what is commonly called etiquette; but this book has nothing in common with the little manuals that give instructions about card-leaving, wedding-breakfasts, and ball-room manners. Lady Violet Greville's book is a series of smart and witty social essays, from which, indeed, the observant "newly enriched" may incidentally gather many hints, but which are written, as they profess to be, for gentlewomen, to whom the common-places of the common etiquette-book are already as well known as the alphabet. The menu of a dinner at Marlborough House, the graphic sketch of the life of a great lady amidst her own county-folk, and so on, will be useful or novel even to many who have every claim to be called gentlewomen. But the best passages in the book, after all, are those in which the author holds the mirror up to the nature of her own sex with mingled severity and kindness.

This volume is the brilliant beginning of a new series of books, specially designed for ladies, and to be called "The Victoria Library for Gentlewomen." The use of the Queen's name has been specially sanctioned by her Majesty, who has also been graciously pleased to order two copies of each volume to be sent to the royal library. All manner of topics are to be dealt with in the series, which is to be written by ladies exclusively. Whatever interests the English gentlewoman will be included in its range, and that, of course, gives a very wide choice of subjects. One of the promised volumes is on "Sports," with contributions by the Duchess of Newcastle, the Marchioness of Breadalbane, Lady St. Leonards, Mrs. Hilliard, the champion lady tennis-player, and others of equal standing. Another is on "The Home," by that very interesting and clever writer on such subjects, Mrs. Talbot Coke.

The next forthcoming volume is "The Gentlewoman's Book of Health," by Dr. Kate Mitchell, a lady who was one of the first women to take a British medical degree, after such a course was made practicable by the passing of Lord Mount-Temple's Act in 1876. Dr. Kate Mitchell is an active advocate of temperance, and is just now on a tour with Lady Henry Somerset in the United States, in connection with the Women's Christian Temperance Union of America. Her book was, however, fully prepared before she started. Each of these volumes, by the way, is to be illustrated with a portrait of the writer. The series is a spirited enterprise on the part of Messrs. Henry, its publishers, and will, no doubt, be successful.

Moral pressure is perhaps more often the recourse of the blackmailer than threats to kill. He finds (or makes) some incident that the victim dare not have revealed, and extorts money by threat of exposure. A calm indifference to the communications generally secures the silence of such a rascal, because, after all, it will not, as a rule, be of any advantage to him to fulfil his threats. But such warnings of bodily injury as were made by the villain Grande are not so easily set at

nought. Their effect on the strongest mind may be considerable, and yet greater will be the pain inflicted on loving relatives by apprehensions so aroused.

This recalls to my mind an interesting talk that I had with the late Right Hon. W. E. Forster, a little while after he resigned the office of the Irish Chief Secretary. Mr. Forster took the chair at a large meeting (on a social subject unconnected with Ireland) at Exeter Hall, at which I was one of the speakers. It was midsummer, and very hot, and before beginning to speak I took a mouthful of water from the glass on the table. In a short time I was seized with severe pain, and left the meeting before it ended. I was in perfect health before, and I had slight symptoms of (say) strychnine poisoning. I had taken very little of the water, but I resolved never again to sip the contents of a carafe placed by the side of a statesman obnoxious to the dynamitards!

A week or two after I met Mr. Forster again at a garden-party. I asked him if he had drunk any of the water on that occasion, and he said that he had not. I then told him that I thought his friends the dynamitards had prepared that water for his special use, and that I had nearly reaped the advantage in his stead. "But I suppose that they really do not trouble themselves about you any longer?" I added. "I don't know that," he replied; "after my resignation was announced, when, indeed, we were leaving Dublin for good, at the last moment—after the luggage had actually started for the station—I received an anonymous letter warning me that I should be killed on the journey if I went as arranged. I thought it was absurd to change my plans, but, by Mrs. Forster's wish, I took the advice of the police, and they urged me not to go, so my plans were altered at the last moment. The detectives went to the station, and what they saw convinced them that the warning was true—though I had given up my place, it was intended to murder me." Then he gave me several other most interesting instances of remarkably narrow escapes that he had during his term of office, of threats and warnings, and of alarms and watchings. "Did not all this prey on your mind dreadfully?" I asked. "No, I could bear it," said he in his quiet way; "it was my wife who felt it. She never knew when I was out what might have happened! It turned her hair grey," he added, looking across the grass with an affectionate smile towards her who had suffered more for him than he for himself. So it must be in cases of blackmailing threats.

That delightful entertainment "L'Enfant Prodigieux" has disappeared for the present, but Mr. Alfred Ellis, the photographer, of 20, Upper Baker Street, sends us six photographs of the principal characters in the play, which make, with wrapper, a pleasant souvenir of the performance.

The West Indies are evidently not in the humour for reciprocity with Canada. The Dominion Minister of Finance recently submitted to the various Governors of the islands detailed reciprocity proposals embodying a mutual reduction of duties on specific articles. The replies just received at Ottawa are not encouraging. The Governor of the Bahamas points out that those islands have no benefit to receive from Canada under the proposal, though a member of the executive will visit Ottawa next summer to discuss the situation. The Governor of Jamaica sees "great difficulties" in the way, and the Governor of British Guiana "cannot encourage" the idea. The chief difficulty is that a preference to Canadian products means a differentiation against the United States.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 22, 1891) of the Duke of Cleveland, K.G., who died on Aug. 21, has just been proved by Viscount Wolmer, M.P., and Frederick George Hilton Price, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £1,440,000. The testator devises Cleveland House, St. James's Square, Raby Castle, and the Raby estates, in the counties of Durham, Middlesex, Northampton, Salop, and Stafford, to go along with the Barony of Barnard; and the Battle Abbey estates, in the counties of Kent and Sussex, to the use of his wife, for life. He settles his estates in Somersetshire and the Battle Abbey estates (subject to his wife's life interest) upon his great-nephew Francis William Forester; and the Ashton Keymes estate, in Wiltshire and Gloucestershire, upon his great-nephew Arthur William Henry Hay. He bequeaths £20,000 each to Lady Evelyn Elizabeth Vane Montcrieffe, Mrs. Ida Agnes Vane West, the Hon. Mrs. Amy Violet Powlett Eden, Henry Claud Frederick Hay, Algernon Richard Francis Hay, Maud Alice Hay, the Rev. Alfred Thomas Coore, George Bernard Milbank Coore, and Caroline Augusta Coore; £15,000 to each of the children of Mrs. Caroline Frances Russell, and other legacies. He particularly confirms the provision already made for his wife, Catherine Lucy Wilhelmina, Duchess of Cleveland, which consists of a jointure of £4,000 per annum charged on the Raby estates, a jointure on the Bolton estates, a life interest in one fourth of the residuary estate of the Duchess of Bolton, and her interest under their marriage settlement; and, if she is not thereby entitled to it, he gives her his leasehold house in Grosvenor Place. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one moiety, upon trust, for his said great-nephew Arthur William Henry Hay, and the other moiety, upon trust, for his great nephew Powlett Charles John Milbank.

The will (dated Aug. 17, 1877), with four codicils (dated Feb. 18 and 24, 1885; March 2, 1888; and March 2, 1889), of Sir John Neeld, Bart., D.L., J.P., formerly M.P. for Cricklade and afterwards for Chippenham, late of Grittleton, Wilts, who died on Sept. 3, has just been proved in London by Dame Harriet Eliza Neeld, the widow, and the Rev. Henry Kearney Boldero, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £319,000. The testator bequeaths £2,000, such of his horses, carriages, harness, and wines as she may select, and all his plate, jewellery, furniture, books, pictures, effects, and household stores to his wife; the remainder of his horses, carriages, harness, and wines, and all his live and dead farming stock to his eldest son, Algernon William; and there are considerable pecuniary bequests to all of his five sons, and numerous legacies to daughters, daughter-in-law, sons-in-law, friends, land steward, coachman, servants, and others. He recites that his eldest son will succeed to the estates of his late brother, Mr. Joseph Neeld, and that his daughters are provided for by their marriage settlements. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children (except his eldest son or other the son who shall succeed in her lifetime to the estates of his said late brother), as she shall direct or appoint, and, in default of appointment, for all his sons, except as aforesaid. All his real and leasehold property he gives to his wife absolutely.

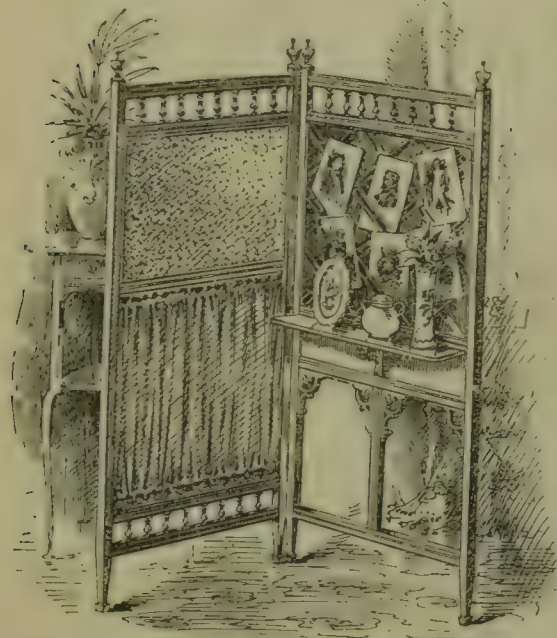
The will (dated March 19, 1888), with four codicils (dated March 19, 1888; Oct. 11, 1889; June 19, 1890; and Sept. 3 and 23, 1891), of Mr. Lewis Phillips, late of the Stock Exchange, of Beaulieu, Winchester Hill, and of 11, Brunswick Square, Brighton, who died on Oct. 22, was proved on Nov. 19 by

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400 ARTICLES
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USEFUL PRESENTS.

Twofold Screen, with Muffled Glass and Art Silk Panels, panel for photos, and adjustable shelf—extreme height, 3ft. 9in.
In gilt bronze frame 42s.
In white or cream enamel 50s.

DINING-ROOM FURNITURE.

MAPLE and CO.—DINING-ROOM FURNITURE has always been an important department with Maple and Co., and its ever-increasing requirements have again necessitated the addition of several more houses in Grafton Street, besides the immense block of premises known as Dr. Williams's Library.

MAPLE and CO. enjoy a world-wide celebrity for comfortable and substantially made dining-room chairs, as well as for luxuriantly soft and really easy chairs, club chairs, lounges, and settees of their own manufacture. Customers when in Tottenham Court Road can pass from the Show-Rooms to the Factory and see the various processes of upholstery.

SIDEBOARDS.

POLLARD OAK.

MAPLE and Co. are now showing some superb specimens of Pollard Oak Sideboards, with exceptionally fine carved panelings, illustrative of the very highest type of workmanship, such as are ordinarily manufactured for exhibition purposes, irrespective of cost. Maple and Co.'s prices for these fine examples range from 55 to 150 guineas.

MAPLE and CO. are also exhibiting many very handsome Jacobean, Early English, and other Sideboards of a less costly character, ranging at from 18 guineas to 50 guineas. These are in fluted and polished oak, walnut, and rich old mahogany, very artistically designed, and constructed, and finished in the very best manner.

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MAPLE and CO. have smaller SIDEBOARDS, ranging at from £3 or £4 upwards, a very artistic design, 4ft. long, with recessed front, carved panels, bevelled glass, and arrangements of drawers, cupboards, and cellaret, costing at £6 18s. 6d., while other and more elaborate styles range from £8 15s. upwards. The best selection of inexpensive artistic sideboards in the world.



Cosy Corner, substantially made and well finished in White or Cream, with cushions and drapery in Cretonne, and Art Silk Curtain, £8 18s. 6d.

This design will fit into any corner of the room.
A variety of Cosy Corners in original and artistic styles will always be found in stock ready for immediate dispatch.

POSTAL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

MAPLE and CO. have a large staff of assistants specially retained for this important department, and customers ordering by post, either from the country or abroad, may rely upon receiving articles selected with the greatest care, and of the same sterling value as if personally chosen.



Bamboo Whatnot, with drawer and cupboard, fitted with shelves for music, shelves covered with Tokyo paper, and lacquered panels. 4ft. high, 2ft. 4in. wide, and 1ft. 3in. deep £2 2 6

DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE.

MAPLE and CO. are now showing a choice selection of DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE of the periods of Louis XV. and XVI., including some very fine specimens in richly carved mahogany, also other pieces in Rococo Chippendale style, including cabinets, tables, show-cases, music cabinets, writing tables, as well as elegant novelties in inlaid woods, with Vernis-Martin decorations.

MAPLE and CO. have a wonderful assortment of luxuriously comfortable Pillow and other Settees, Lounges, Easy and Gossip Chairs, in new shapes and coverings, at most moderate prices. The Haddon Easy Chair, at £2 18s. 6d., upholstered in handsome tapestry, trimmed with deep fringe, is a specialty of remarkable value.

DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE.

MAPLE and CO.—The MARGUERITE SUITE, in pretty inlaid mahogany, is an excellent example of artistic drawing-room furniture at a moderate price. This suite consists of a settee, two elbow and four occasional chairs, all with shield backs, and upholstered in cut velvet, or rich silk, and the price is but 16 guineas.

MAPLE and CO. are also exhibiting numerous novelties in Moorish, Arabian, Japanese, and Italian fancy drawing-room furniture, as well as many elegant varieties of Pedestals, Scones, draped and other Ensembles, Brackets, Overdoors, Jardinieres, and new shapes in wicker Chairs and Settees, with artistic draperies.

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WILL POSITIVELY CURE

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LOSS OF VOICE

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WHOOPIING
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As all the Diseases mentioned above proceed from one cause, they can be CURED by one remedy, viz.

The **CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL**. As prescribed by **SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D.**, and other eminent Physicians.

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Lady Clavering writes—"The Carbolic Smoke Ball has been invaluable to her daughter."

Lady Feilden writes—"Lady Feilden is always glad to recommend the Smoke Ball, as it is most efficacious."

Mrs. Gladstone writes—"She finds the Carbolic Smoke Ball has done her a great deal of good."

One **CARBOLIC SMOKE BALL** will last a family several months, making it the Cheapest Remedy in the world at the price—**10s.**, Post Free.

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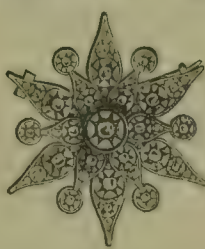
Fine Gold Keyless Watch Bracelet, complete, **£10 and £16**.
Ditto in Silver, **£5 10s.**
The Watches can be detached and worn separately.



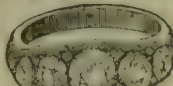
Fine Gold and Choice Pearl Knot Ring, **35s.**



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Fine Gold and Choice Pearl Ring, **£2 10s.**
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15-carat Gold Expanding Keyless Watch Bracelet, to fit any size wrist (Watch 18 carat), **£13 10s.**
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A LARGE AND CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF NOVELTIES.
An Inspection is Respectfully Invited.

Silver, **£2 15s.** Gold, **£7 15s.**



Lady's Highly Finished Keyless Watch, Half-Hunting Case, with Opal or Blue Enamel Zone. 18-carat Gold, **£7 15s.**; Silver, **£2 15s.**



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Walter John Phillips and Alfred Phillips, the sons, and Sidney Wood, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £93,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to children, grandchildren, daughters-in-law, clerks in firm, gardeners, coachman, domestic servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his children, Mrs. Mary Susannah Smith, Lewis Phillips, Walter John Phillips, Alfred Phillips, Henry Grey Phillips, Frank Dudley Phillips, Mrs. Ellen Wood, and Joseph Leighton Phillips, in equal shares.

The will (dated July 19, 1886), with five codicils (dated Oct. 12, 1887; March 26, April 3, and Nov. 6, 1889; and June 12, 1890), of Miss Harriet Mellor, late of Hillcote House, Milverton Terrace, near Leamington, was proved on Nov. 18 by General George Travis Radcliffe and Edward Field, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £58,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000 to the Midland Counties Home for Incurables (Leamington Priors), upon trust, to apply the income for the maintenance of free patients; £5000 each to the Hospital for Women (Soho Square), the Surgical Aid Society, the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), and the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic (Queen Square, Bloomsbury); £3000 each to the Indigent Blind Visiting Society and the Royal Normal College for the Blind (Upper Norwood); £2000 each to the Associate Institution for the Improvement and Enforcement of the Laws Relating to Women, and the British and Foreign Bible Society; £1000 each to the Belgrave Hospital for Children and the Cripples' Home and Industrial School for Girls (Northumberland Street, Marylebone Road); and considerable legacies to relatives, maid, and others. The residue of her personal estate she leaves to the Hospital for Women (Soho Square), the Midland Counties Home for Incurables, and the Warneford Hospital (Leamington Priors).

The will (dated July 31, 1875), with a codicil (dated May 2, 1891), of Mr. Cathcart Boycott Wight Boycott, J.P., D.L., late of Rudge Hall, Salop, who died on Aug. 6, was proved on Nov. 9 by Harry Snow and Henry Sydney Grazebrook, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £39,000. The testator bequeaths certain plate, china, glass, and jewellery to his wife, for life or widowhood, and then to his son who shall first attain twenty-one; £500 and the remainder of his furniture and effects to his wife; and legacies to his executors and trustee. He appoints out of the trust funds under the will of his father £1500 per annum

to his wife, for life or widowhood, in addition to £500 per annum secured to her by deed. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children.

The will (dated Jan. 16, 1883) of Vice-Admiral the Hon. George Disney Keane, C.B., late of Mere Hall, Knutsford, Cheshire, who died on Oct. 19, was proved on Nov. 24 by Lieutenant-General the Hon. Hussey Fane Keane, the brother, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £30,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his said brother.

The will (dated Feb. 3, 1891), with a codicil (dated June 5, 1891), of Mr. Frederick Ash, late of High House, Kings Norton, Worcestershire, who died on Oct. 21, was proved on Nov. 13 by Mrs. Sarah Ash, the widow, and Edward Westwood, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture and effects, horses, carriages, and £250 to his wife; and an annuity of £300 to Edith Mary Garland. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for nephews and nieces.

The will (dated Aug. 9, 1887), with a codicil (dated July 27, 1891), of Mr. Herbert Coupland Taylor, M.D., J.P., late of Todmorden Hall, Lancashire, who died on Sept. 14, at Torquay, was proved on Nov. 23 by Mrs. Mildred Halliwell Taylor, the widow, and Ernest Edward Baker, the executors, the value of personal estate exceeding £21,000. The testator bequeaths £50 each to King's College Hospital (London), the British Medical Benevolent Fund, and St. Mary's Convalescent Home, Broadstairs; and legacies to sisters and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife.

The will (dated Aug. 15, 1888) of Admiral the Hon. George Grey, J.P., late of Moreton Pinkney, Northamptonshire, who died on Oct. 3, at Eaglescarnie, Bolton, Haddingtonshire, was proved on Nov. 21 by Charles Grey, the son, Miss Katherine Louisa Grey, the daughter, and Mrs. Jane Frances Grey, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000. The testator leaves the manor of Moreton Pinkney, with the Manor House, and all the messuages, farm lands, and hereditaments in the county of Northamptonshire which were devised by the will of Maria Janet, Baroness Sempill, subject to the life interest given to his wife by the Baroness, to such of his three daughters—Mary Elizabeth, Katherine Louisa, and Helen Diana—as shall be living and spinsters, and when there shall be only one such daughter, to

her absolutely; his furniture and effects at Moreton Pinkney to his wife, for life, and then to go with the said estate; and a policy on his life for £3000, and £1000, upon trust, for the benefit of his son, George Walter. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his said three daughters.

The will of Mr. Thomas Hargreaves, J.P., late of The Mount, Bishopstoke, Hants, who died on Sept. 28, was proved on Nov. 24 by John Reginald Hargreaves, the son, Alfred Harnett, and Edward Heron Allen, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £12,000.

The will of Vice-Admiral Arthur Wilmshurst, C.B., late of 52, Cranley Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Sept. 10, at Douglas, Isle of Man, was proved on Nov. 20 by John Joseph Willington Wilmshurst, the nephew, and the Rev. Alfred James Soden, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £7000.

The will and codicil of General Sir Robert Percy Douglas, Bart., formerly of Heatherton Park, Wellington, Somersetshire, and late of The Harst, Bournemouth, who died on Sept. 30, were proved on Nov. 7 by Dame Louisa Douglas, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £4000.

Weekes and Co. send us the "Loewe-Album" of thirteen ballads, with English and German words and a preface, edited by Albert B. Bach. These beautiful songs, which are in two volumes, have of late years been made familiar at the Henschel vocal recitals. They are best described by Mr. Bach, who says in his preface: "The ballads of all nations inspired him, and scarcely any composer has succeeded like Loewe in representing in tone mysterious, ghostly, eerie, and gloomy subjects. Loewe's ballads, like Schubert's songs, belong to the finest class of German music, and the more we cultivate them in this country the sooner shall we effect through them the desirable reformation of artistic taste. No doubt most of Loewe's ballads demand an intelligent vocalist, gifted with a voice of considerable compass, with thorough musical knowledge and skill, and they demand serious study; but he who takes the trouble to make himself thoroughly acquainted with Loewe's muse will be sure to love the ballads and soon surmount their difficulties." From this firm we also have "Summer nights," a fairly attractive waltz, by P. A. English; "The Chorister's dream," written and composed by A. Holmes-Dallimore, a pretty song with an effective accompaniment; "The King and the Miller," words by Charles Mackay, music by Henry J. Wood.

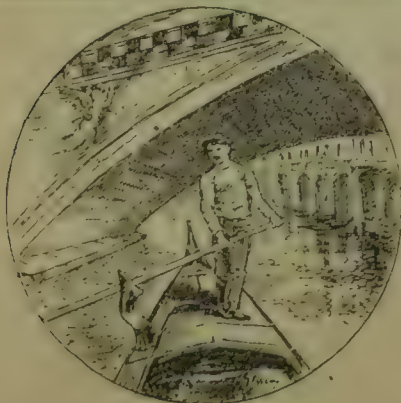
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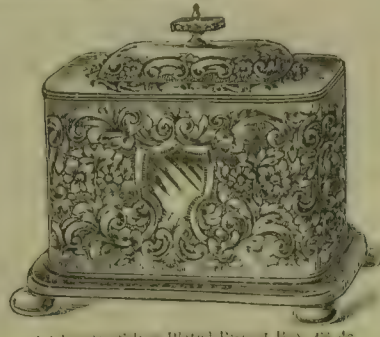
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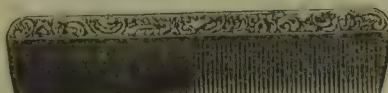
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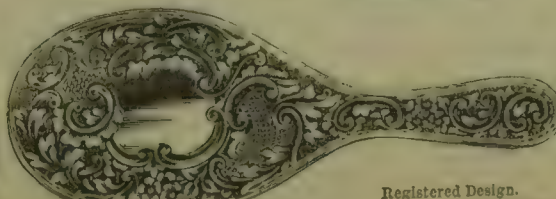
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The autumn dramatic season is virtually over, and December for the most part will be spent in rehearsing and arranging the splendid revivals that are promised for the coming year. Pantomime, so far as one can see, is fairly played out. Except at old Drury, we shall see none of it at the West-End this year, and Sir Augustus Harris shows pretty plainly into what channels it has drifted, when he does not beat about the bush any longer but makes the Drury Lane pantomime an excuse for a huge music-hall variety show. The provincial and transpentine theatres are still true to the old English fashion of pantomime, which is not, in reality, pantomime at all; but the money that used to be freely lavished at all the West-End theatres on the *bizarre* Christmas entertainments is nowadays more profitably employed on magnificent and artistic Shakspearean revivals. This is surely a sign of the times and a move in the right direction, and does not exactly point to that artistic degradation and decrepitude that are insisted on by our critical Jeremiahs.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree will lead the way with "Hamlet." Now, "Hamlet" at the Haymarket will be a curiosity indeed, but everything that Mr. Tree does is interesting, and this most intelligent and cultured actor is right to play Hamlet when in the zenith of his fame. It will be a very different "Hamlet" from the one recently seen in the provinces, better mounted, better cared for, and illustrated by Mr. Henschel's beautiful music, to which full justice will be done by Carl Armbrüster and his model little orchestra. In order still further to whet the appetites of his artistic friends, and to show how earnest he is in his art, Mr. Beerbohm Tree intends, on Sunday, Dec 6, to lecture to the members of the Playgoers' Club and others on the existing state of dramatic affairs. We all know he is an able controversialist. He has written, and written well, on the actor-manager controversy, and I, for one, expect an example of his polished satire when he reads extracts from Maeterlinck, and gives a "poser" for the earnest, but not always very practical, Independentites. The manager of the Haymarket Theatre has no particular prejudices one way or the other. He intends next season to produce one of Maeterlinck's plays; but I expect his advice will be based on the old motto "Festina lente." The new school does not propose to hasten slowly, but by leaps and bounds; but, so far as I can gather, Mr. Beerbohm Tree is of opinion that recent discussions have cleared the atmosphere, and are calculated to do far more good to art than

harm. They show that men of intellect are taking serious interest in dramatic art, and are not inclined any longer to turn their backs on it.

In a recent speech delivered in the North of England, Mr. Henry Irving more than promises a startling revelation. When his turn comes to lecture on the recent turn of events, he will, no doubt, be able to show that those who have made it their special business to vilify the acknowledged heads of the dramatic profession do not come into court wholly with clean hands. It looks odd—does it not?—when the mere refusal to accept for production a play which, though clever in itself, is not suited to a particular theatre should turn a flattered friend into an avowed enemy. Mr. Irving will be prepared not to advance theories, but to produce facts. The man who has done more for the English stage than any of his gifted predecessors in the century is not suddenly and mysteriously made the target of scorn for no reason, nor is he shot at by men of avowed literary tastes without some special object. When the proper time comes, the public will most certainly know how far the ridicule that is heaped on the "old school," as it is called, is due to the vexation of the disappointed playwright and how far to the earnest and conscientious opponent. "There is," says Mr. Irving, "a good deal to be said about actor-managers which will interest the public when its time comes for telling. It has never been told how constantly they are the victims of unscrupulous writers, who, failing to have certain plays of theirs produced, turn upon the managers thus negatively guilty of offence and rend them. Individuals have plays, and cliques have plays which they support, and to offend the individual by the outrage of not accepting his play is to offend the clique, and members of it, not themselves playwrights, often join in the hounding down." Now, these are strong words indeed, and they are not the words that so diplomatic a man as Mr. Henry Irving would speak unadvisedly. One of the pioneers of the new school has been pleased recently to sneer at those who do not happen to agree with him, and to accuse them of ignorance, prejudice, and Heaven knows what. According to him they are illiterate, ignorant, and *borné*. But he has never accused them of want of honour. These are very early days in which to accuse any member of the "new school" of what is far worse than prejudice, ignorance, or that density of mind which cannot as yet accept Ibsen as a second Goldsmith or Maeterlinck as a modern Shakspeare.

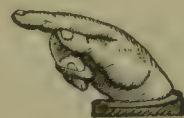
But for the present Mr. Henry Irving is far too busy to tackle these gentlemen with the documentary evidence that, luckily, he has in his possession. He is preparing for production at the Lyceum, soon after Christmas, the magnificent and artistic

revival of Shakspeare's "Henry VIII.," which has never been completely or adequately done since the days of Charles Kean. By the way, has anyone ever noticed how closely and continuously Mr. Irving has followed the revivals of Charles Kean at the Princess's? He has not as yet given us the "Midsummer Night's Dream" or "Richard II.,"—one of the most interesting and superb of the Kean revivals. But we have seen at the Lyceum "Hamlet" and "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Louis XI.," and "The Corsican Brothers" and "Faust and Margaret." The "Winter's Tale" has also been produced at the Lyceum recently, but not under Mr. Irving's direction or management. Many are still living who can vividly recall the "Henry VIII." revival at the old Princess's, with Charles Kean as Wolsey and Mrs. Charles Kean as Queen Katharine, and they can distinctly remember the effect of the vision, which was at that time a very remarkable stage illusion. But those were days when we had no electric light, and stage mechanism was in its infancy.

There was produced recently, at an afternoon performance at the Princess's Theatre, a play of unusual promise by Mrs. Henry Wyld, called "Her Oath." It dealt with the interesting and always dramatic period of the Indian Mutiny, and the play was far better mounted and produced than is the case with "afternoon shows," as they are contemptuously called. At her side the clever authoress had an able and loyal assistant in Mr. Henry Neville, who worked bravely to secure the success of the play. It was a pity that he had not told the authoress that it is a fatal and cardinal mistake to keep your secret to the end of the play without divulging it. There is nothing an audience hates more than to be puzzled. For this very reason, no doubt, the "new school" would insist that it ought to be done! It is so very unconventional, you know, and therefore *must* be right. A man who argues that an author is entitled to credit because "he has never suffered the ignominy of a public success" would assuredly argue that an audience should not be pampered with being told the secret directly the play starts and not when the curtain is about to fall. But, for all that, the author who does not tell his secret as soon as he can to the audience is a very silly person, provided he wants his play to succeed. Experience does teach sometimes. An audience likes to imagine that it is very clever, and that the characters are alone ignorant of the catastrophe. Mrs. Wyld's play would have been far more successful if she had not kept her audience in a fog. Mr. Henry Neville, Miss Beatrice Lamb, Mr. W. L. Abington, Mr. Austin Melford, Miss Clara Jecks, and Mr. de Lange all distinguished themselves; and it was a very creditable first attempt.



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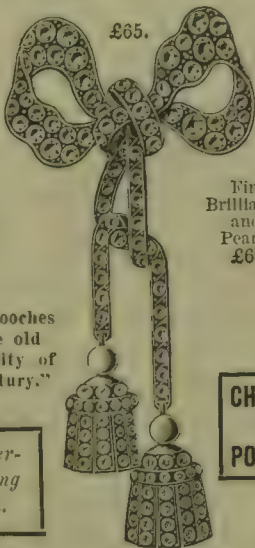


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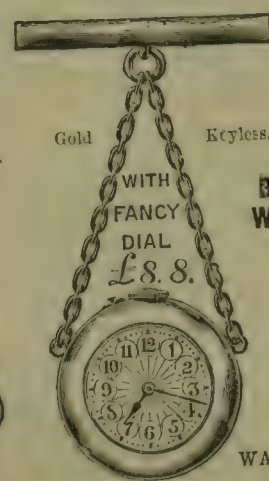
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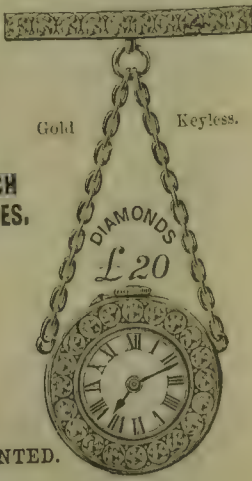
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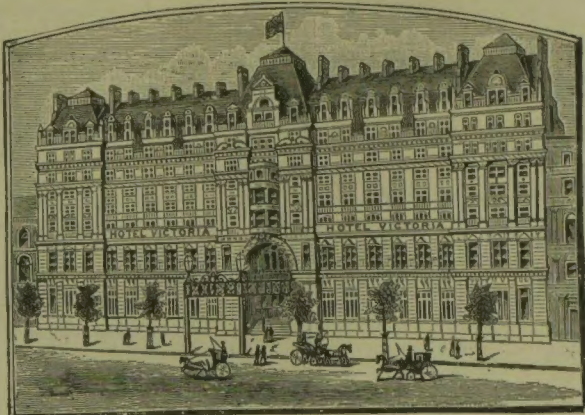
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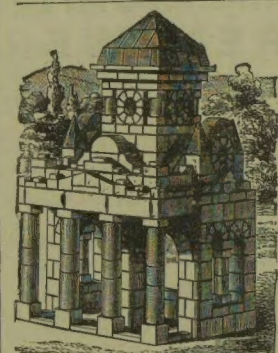
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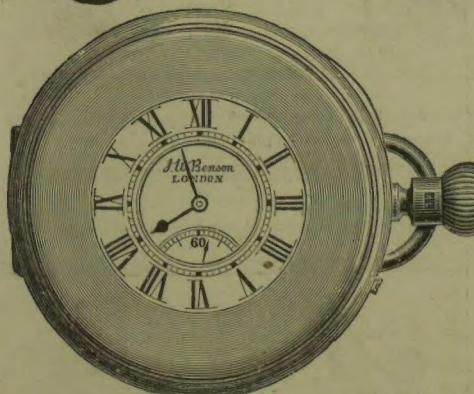
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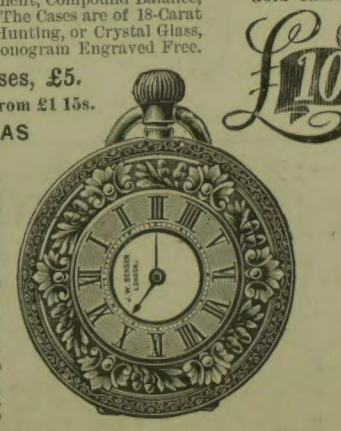
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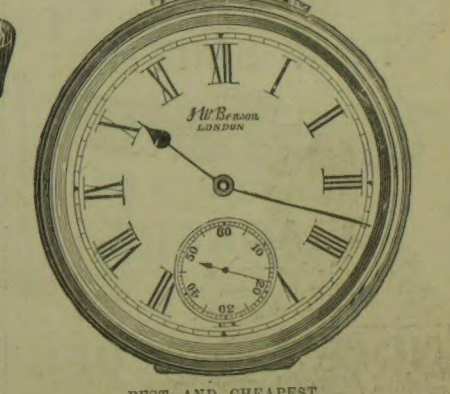
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MUSIC.

The run of "La Basoche" at the Royal English Opera has so far been as brief as it was brilliant. The announcement that the work would be withdrawn on Saturday, Nov. 28, came as a startling surprise; nor did the public become fully acquainted with Mr. D'Oyly Carte's reasons for thus interrupting the career of a successful production until after he had actually carried out his design. At the close of the performance on the date mentioned, the manager came before the curtain and told the audience that he had been forced to adopt this unusual course in order to be able to settle certain legal disputes connected with the reorganisation of his company. Those disputes would, he hoped, be adjusted in a few days, when he would reopen his house with "La Basoche." Mr. Carte made a sensible, if somewhat lengthy speech, only two points in which call for record here—namely, that he did not pledge himself to produce only operas by native composers (English opera being meant by him to imply opera in English), and that the future policy of his undertaking would have to be regulated exclusively by the measure of support bestowed upon it by the public.

Another new Polish pianist! A lady, this time, and a pupil—the only acknowledged one, it is said—of M. Paderewski.

More fortunate than her master, Mdle. Szumowska has been accorded the privilege of a debut at the Popular Concerts, but it must be admitted that her talent gave Mr. Arthur Chappell sufficient warrant for the distinction. Her interpretation of works by Chopin and Schumann, at the concerts of Nov. 28 and Nov. 30, proved her to be a worthy disciple of her gifted teacher and an admirable exponent of pianoforte music of the romantic school. She has a superb technique, a crisp and sensitive touch, and a remarkable command over gradations of tone. A trifle more warmth and expression might have been desired in her rendering of the slow movement of Chopin's B minor sonata, but on the whole her playing is marked by ample intelligence and charm. Mdle. Szumowska was very favourably received, and her further appearances will be awaited with interest. The violinist at both the concerts referred to was M. Ysaye, who will not now be heard here for some time, having departed on Dec. 1 for a prolonged tour in Germany.

That extraordinary little violoncellist, Jean G  rardy, was the principal soloist at the third London Symphony concert on Nov. 26, and at the Crystal Palace Concert two days later. On both occasions G  rardy played with conspicuous success an extremely difficult concerto (in A minor, Op. 33) by Volkmann. To an ordinary executant this composition presents obstacles

of the most formidable kind, but the precocious art of the tiny Belgian 'cellist enabled him to make light of them. He performed all the trying *bravura* passages with irreproachable neatness and dexterity, the two cadenzas in particular being dashed off with a brilliancy only possible to one for whom the finger-board of his instrument has no secrets. Yet we speak of a boy who has barely turned thirteen. Truly his gifts are marvellous; they reveal the presence not only of an artistic prodigy but of a prodigious artist.

We record, with regret, the death of Herr Robert Heckmann, which occurred at Glasgow on Nov. 29, after an illness extending over just a fortnight. The deceased violinist had announced a Chamber Concert at Steinway Hall for the 25th, but this, of course, did not take place. His reputation in England, as in other European countries, rested chiefly upon his abilities as a quartet player. About ten years ago he started the famous Heckmann Quartet, which paid its first visit to London in December 1886, and at once earned decided favour in our midst, exhibiting an *ensemble* such as can only be secured by artists who are constantly working together.

The annual St. Andrew's Day Scotch concerts took place at St. James's Hall on Nov. 28, and at the Royal Albert Hall on Nov. 30. The entertainment in either instance was carried out on the customary lines, and listened to with keen enjoyment.

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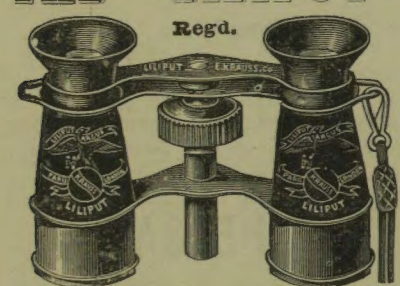
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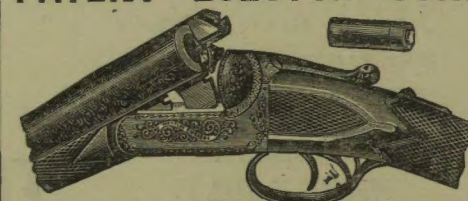
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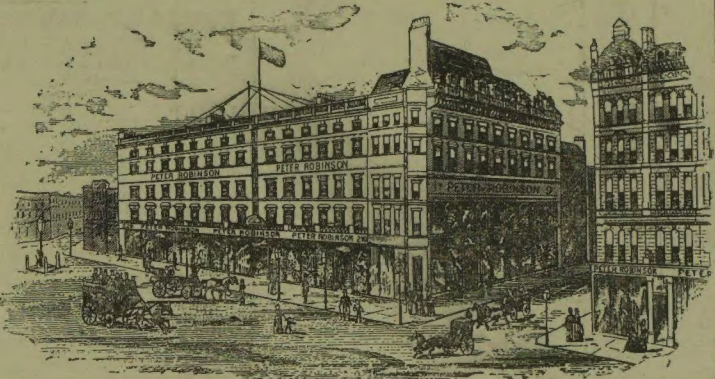
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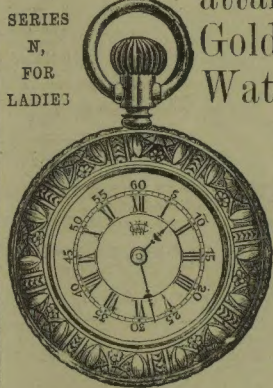
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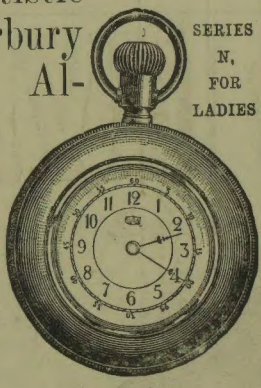


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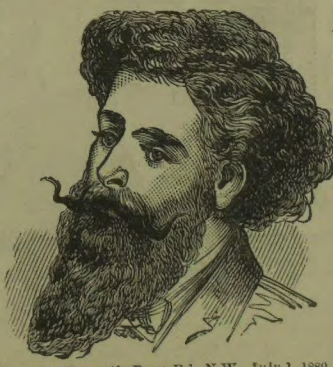
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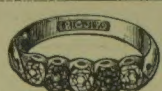
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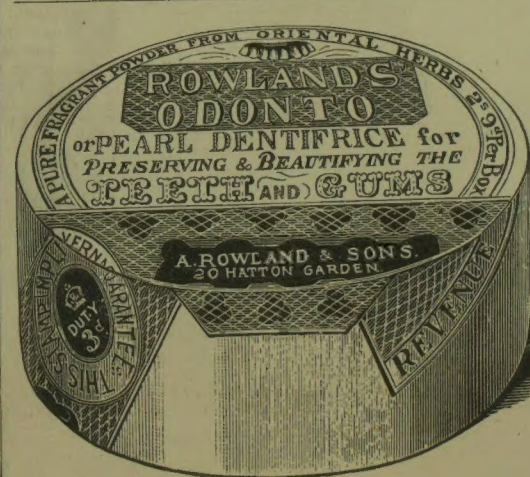
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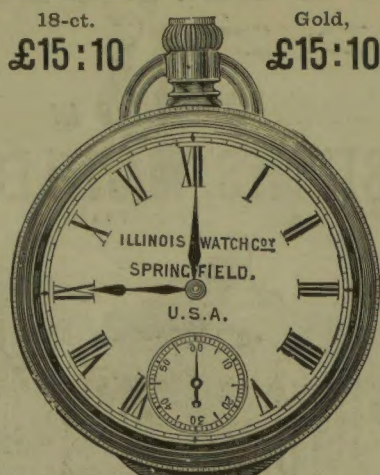
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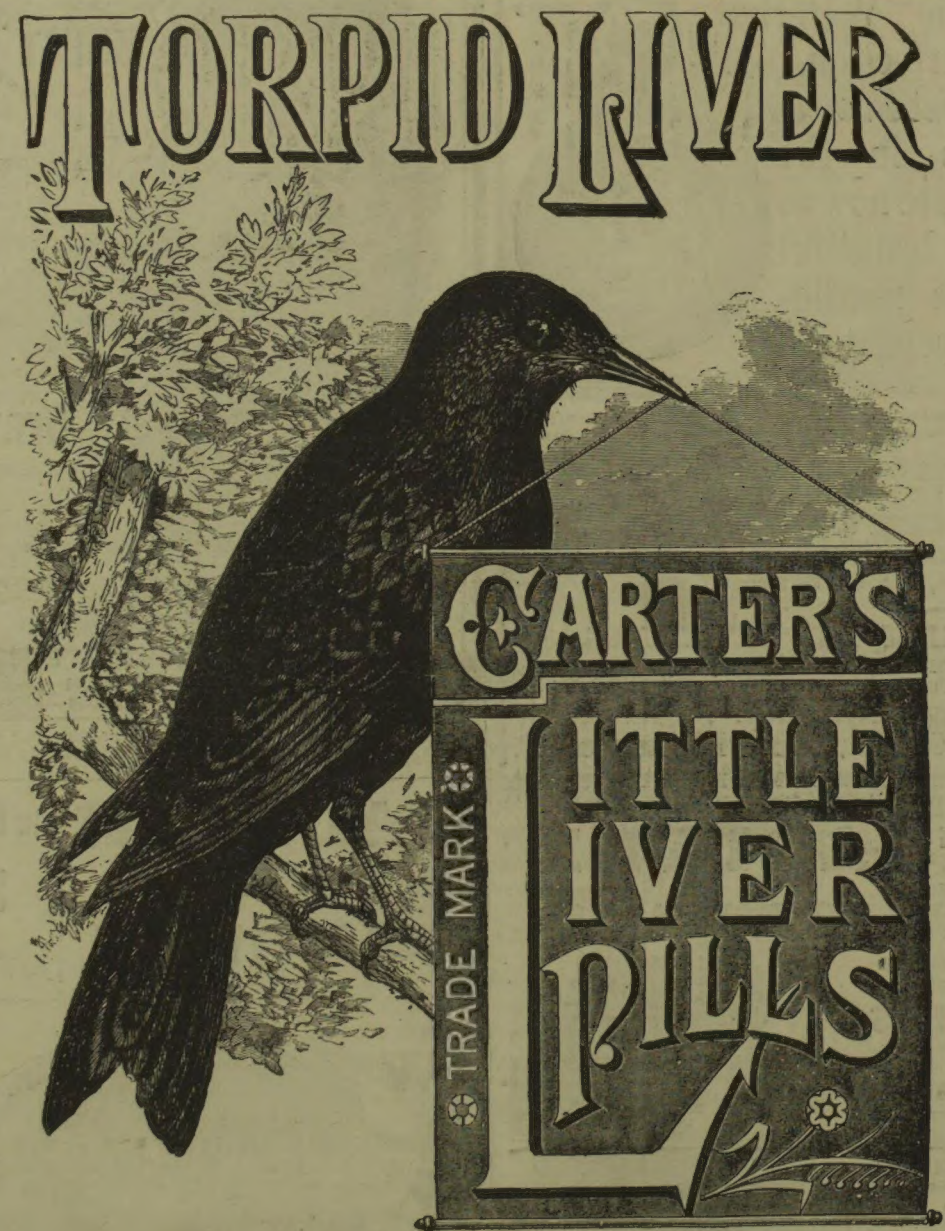
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